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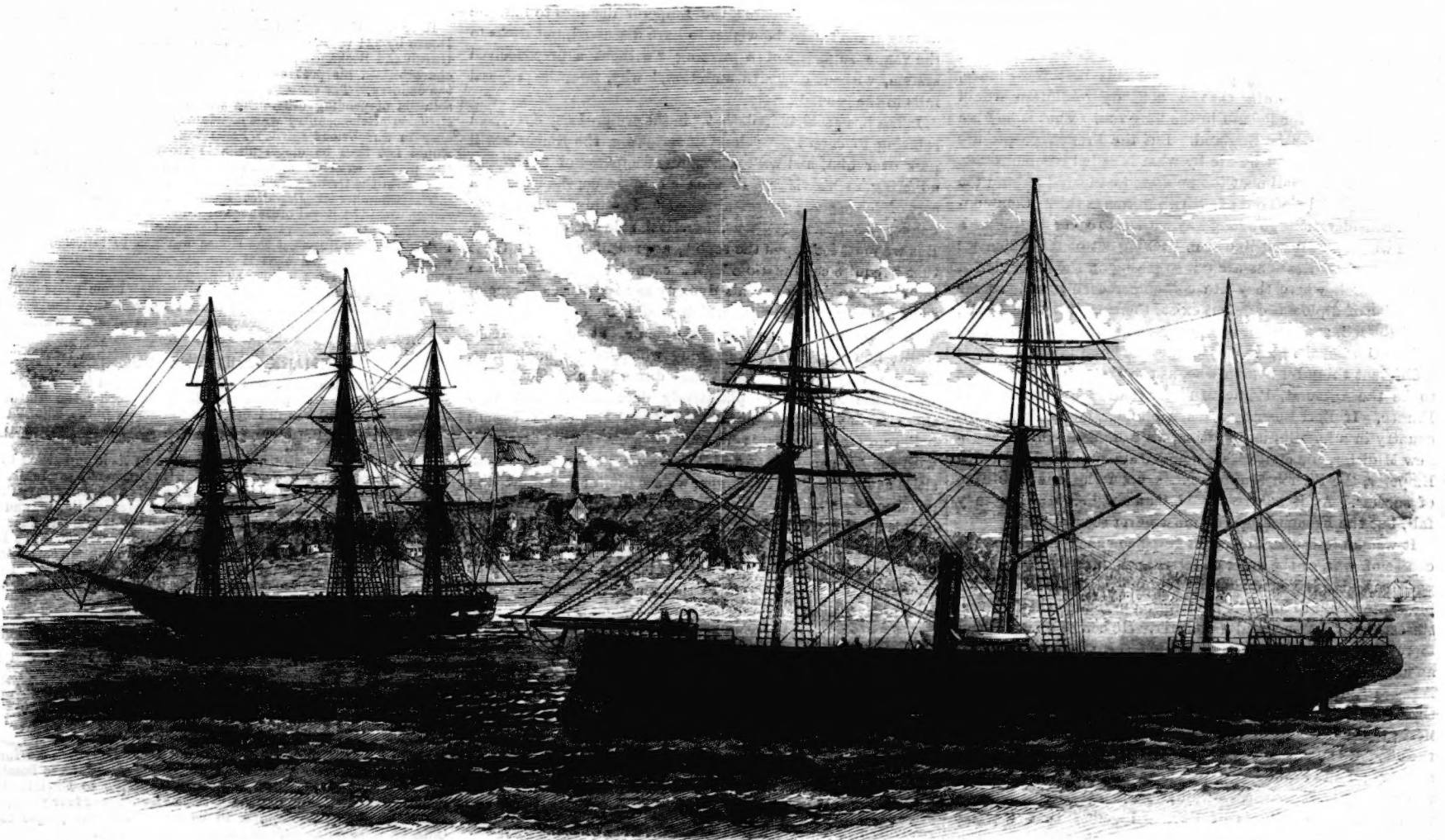
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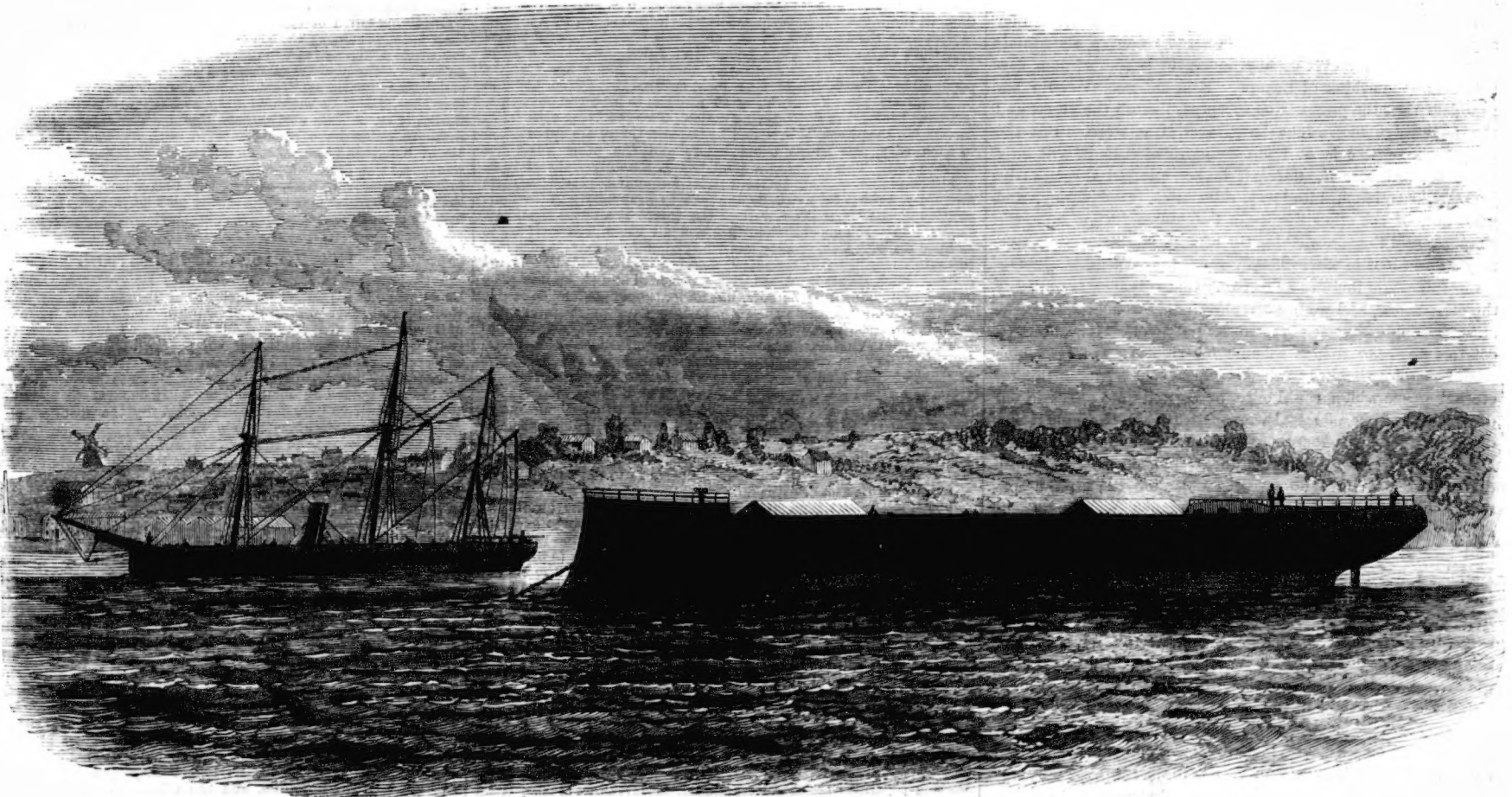
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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1863.

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THE STEAM-RAM EL TOUSSON AT ANCHOR NEAR HER MAJESTY'S SHIP CONWAY, IN THE RIVER MERSEY.



THE STEAM-RAM EL MONASSIR AT ANCHOR NEAR THE GUN-BOAT GOSHAWK, IN THE MERSEY.

CÆSAR CONSIDERED.

A CERTAIN view has been taken of the French Emperor's proposal for a congress which very much reduces its significance. According to this estimate (which is as likely to be correct as any which we may form of Cæsar's motives) the proposition is made with no particular hope that it will be carried out and no intention at all to enforce it. It is only a graceful way of getting himself out of a difficulty. The position was this: In conjunction with England and Austria he had interfered so far in the Polish quarrel that retreat was almost impossible. While there seemed some prospect that his allies in this matter would proceed to action, should diplomacy fail, the French press and people were permitted to work themselves into such a fever of sympathy with the Poles as almost demanded blood-letting for its assuasion; then presently the Emperor found that his allies had no intention of fighting for Poland at all; whereupon there stood the Emperor, alone in his Imperial Republicanism, with his word half-pledged that Poland should be freed, and the people of France expecting that it should be done. Now, what courses lay open to the Ruler of this people—a people of Republican temper and of angry Imperial pride? The two most obvious courses were, war with Russia, single-handed, or retreat from his protests, and the tacit abasement of his high principles before the dread of such a war—costly, deadly, doubtful. If the Emperor resolved at once not to adopt the chivalric course, he certainly did what was best for France, while it is not certain that a contrary resolution would have been better for Poland in the long run. That is how we regard the matter in England. But the French people are governed far less than we are by what is called commonsense, and far more by sentiment too noble to be sneered at, and too strong to be safely left out of such a question as this. Commonsense considerations go a long way with us to cover the humiliation which we are sensible of in backing out of the difficulty; but those considerations are not so strong on the other side of the Channel, where they are condemned even; and so the irritation of diplomatic defeat exists there unpalliated. Again, Earl Russell, a mere Minister, may submit to be snubbed by Prince Gortschakoff; he may pocket the humiliation; but it is a different thing for a man who, as the *Times* puts it, assumes to be the Autocrat, Prime Minister, and Representative of France. If Earl Russell makes a blunder, or rashly puts his country in a humiliating position, we can dismiss him, take a new Minister, and matters are mended at once; but the French Emperor, the French Empire, exists upon the one condition of success. As it has been said, "an English Minister may fall, but the French Emperor must never seem to fail."

It was undesirable, then, that Napoleon should take the one course of war, or the other of retreat. A third way out of the position had to be found; and he found a way which, without a blow, preserved to him the assumption of being the foremost statesman of Europe, and its master. He comes forward once more with that declaration in which there is so significant an assertion of power as well as of goodwill—"the Empire is peace"—and adds, "But Europe is full of discords which threaten my peace. It is not only this unhappy Polish business; there are many other things that demand settlement for the good of the world. I and France have the good of the world at heart; I and France—we, who have passed through adversities and bitter experiences—well know its necessities. Come, then, I call the Princes of Europe together that we may dispose peaceably, not of one wrong, one mischief, but many. I ask this in the name of France, which has six hundred thousand soldiers ready for war, and a noble heart more ready for peace."

The thing is done. France is not at war, nor does she suffer any humiliation in declining it; on the contrary, she stands more glorious than ever on a pinnacle of peace, wisdom, forbearance—the arbiter of Europe. It is not necessary for her grandeur that the proposal be accepted, though the glory, and the advantage too, might be greater if it were. But the Emperor's scheme is of itself so glorious that it will only shine the brighter if, *untried*, it be rejected through the jealousy, suspicion, blindness, selfishness, malignancy, and what not, of the other European Potentates. That done, the Emperor and France, washing their hands of all responsibility, may stand aloof in their cheaply-earned greatness.

Consideration inclines us to think that this view is probably the correct one, and we are certainly ready to accept it as the most agreeable that has yet presented itself. It would be a comfort to know that a scheme for righting Europe which would certainly begin by upsetting her—that a proposition for eternal peace which could only be carried into effect in our day by provoking a general war—satisfies all the ends it was designed for by its mere publication, with more or less of Imperial eloquence and of studied "bancombe." Splendid dreams we can have no possible objection to; on the contrary, we must admire them very much as long as no attempt is made to enforce them by the rude agencies of fire and sword. A political enthusiast and visionary, such as Napoleon has declared himself in that speech and in that letter of his, is useful and inspiring theoretically; but the moment he puts himself into practice, with half a million of soldiers at his heels, his aspect changes, and he becomes a scourge. We find, then, not so much that our hearts are glowing, but that the house is on fire. No greater disaster can befall the world than the existence of one who is at once a visionary, ambitious, and the master of many legions. It is the sense of this, existing with more or less clearness in every mind, that has given such awful importance to the Emperor's sayings, which, without the legions, would scarcely be more significant

than the straw in the hair of a Bedlamite. And therefore it is that we are eager to believe that the Emperor is satisfied with having proposed the congress, without any particular wish that it should assemble; to believe him in earnest and determined would be to anticipate the direst misfortunes.

Whether Portugal, or Powers of that rank, give in their "adhesion" to the scheme is of little importance. It will be determined by the action of the greater nations, and of them we know two or three to be already decided virtually. Our own Government has taken the very proper course of asking for a statement of the things to be discussed at the proposed congress before coming to any decision about it; and though it is one of the Emperor's great points that the committee should meet "without a preconceived system," it appears that Russia, Austria, and Prussia have made a similar demand. We are told, indeed, in the French journals, that all these Powers have expressed their perfect readiness to co-operate with the Emperor in any attempt to settle the affairs of Europe in a friendly way; but that might have been taken for granted from the beginning. The sentiment existed before Napoleon uttered his famous speech; and he is now asked to show, it seems, in what particulars he thinks it may be carried into effect. Now, that does not appear to us to bring the congress any further within the regions of probability; and if, as is already rumoured, the Emperor declines to indicate at length the things he wishes to have discussed, but sticks to the vague sublimity of a meeting "without a preconceived system, without exclusive ambition," why, then the proposal falls to the ground.

It has been said, indeed, that "in the event of any Sovereign refusing to enter into such an undertaking, the Emperor will pass over him, and hold a congress composed of Sovereigns adhering to his views. In such a conference, the basis of a sort of league might be established." Possibly. This is the danger from the ambitious, fanatical side of the question. But we must look upon the report, at present, as one of those that "require confirmation." We cannot think Napoleon so impatient to jeopardise his dynasty as to get up a league of such a character as this, which would be opposed immediately by another equally formidable, at least. Meanwhile, however, these threatening whispers are unpleasant, and go very far to create the discords and jealousies which the Emperor so plaintively deprecates. But that there is anything to apprehend from them we cannot believe. Of course, it is vain to predicate anything of a man with such a career, such ambitions, such power, such necessities as his; but, on the whole, we are inclined to think him governed by a homelier wisdom than that which he has talked in this matter. That he has always been more or less a dreamer is clear; but, in point of *fact*, he has shown himself a man of few mistakes; and we hesitate to believe that now, in the decline of life, he is about to throw aside the caution of a statesman to indulge the rashness of a visionary.

EL TOUSSON AND EL MONASSIR.

WE give, on the preceding page, Engravings of the now famous vessels which bear the above Oriental names, and which, as our readers are aware, were built at Birkenhead, by Messrs. Laird, for the Confederate Government of America, as is generally believed, and has not been authoritatively denied. Acting on representations made on behalf of the Federal Government, Earl Russell ordered these vessels to be seized, and the purposes for which they were constructed will consequently become the subject of a legal investigation. Neither vessel is finished, all work upon them having been suspended. El Tousson, however, wants but little to fit her for receiving her equipment, while El Monassir is in a comparatively backward state. The two rams are not unsightly in their hulls, but seem as well designed for swiftness as for strength. The length of each is 230 ft., the beam 42 ft., and the extreme depth less than 20 ft. The burden is but 1500 tons register, and the draught of each vessel when loaded will be some 15 ft., the deck being about 6 ft. above the water-line, all the intermediate surface being protected—first, by a coating of teak over the iron skin of the ship, and then by armour-plates over that, each massive scale being $\frac{5}{8}$ in. thick. All this armour is dovetailed together so accurately that the joints are scarcely perceptible. The deck is of 5-in. teak, covered with iron, and the bulwarks are also of iron, being so made as to let down outwards, and thus to clear the decks during action. Two revolving cylindrical turrets, on the principles invented by Captain Coles, are apportioned to each ship, one turret being before and the other abaft her engine-room. There is also a pilot-house, strongly built of teak, and iron-plated. Each turret carries two guns, placed in close proximity, so that they can be brought to bear nearly in the same position at one time. The wall of the turret is a series of cellular spaces, like the chine of a shell-fish, and all these iron cells are to be filled up with teak, making one solid and uniform mass, which is to be again strengthened and rendered wellnigh impregnable by armour-plates. Each ship is furnished with a powerful and sharp iron prow or beak protruding from the bow, but under the water-line, to enable the vessel to butt upon, penetrate, and so damage an antagonist, somewhat in the way, but in a more effectual style, than the Confederate ram Virginia destroyed the Cumberland in the James River. It is from this feature in their construction that the name of "rams" has been given to the vessels. At each end of the vessel is a raised deck, forming tolerably commodious quarters for officers and men; and the forecabin is made to carry one or two heavy guns, if they be needed. In the captain's cabin are port-holes for two 32-pounders; and each ram has capacity for 300 tons of coal. The machinery, as a matter of course, is all below the water-line. Their sterns will be so formed as to protect the screw and rudder from shot or collision.

The Confederates seem greatly disappointed at these formidable ships not being allowed to get to sea, as much had been expected from them in the way of destroying Federal merchant-vessels, in breaking the blockade of the Southern coast, and even in attacking the harbours of New York, Boston, &c. It is said that the British Government has ordered surveys to be made of the vessels, with the view of purchasing them.

EMIGRATION FROM SOUTH WALES.—It was believed that the recent advance in wages at the ironworks and the regularity of employment at the collieries in South Wales would have checked the extraordinary emigration which has been going on for some months past. This, however, has not been the case, and the emigration continues, without any prospect of a diminution of the numbers leaving. A great many of those who leave have their passages paid by relatives or friends who have already resided for a few years in the Northern States, Canada, or other British colonies. Strange to state, the present unsettled state of things in the United States has but little influence on emigrants, as they believe that, not being naturalised citizens, they will not be included in the conscription. The continuous drain of the working population has caused considerable inconvenience at many of the works.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The congress scheme is the principal topic of discussion in Paris. Austria and England are said to have required that the objects and subjects of discussion should be clearly defined before they give any answer to the invitation of the Emperor, and that the congress should be held on neutral ground. Russia is believed to be willing to attend, but upon what conditions is unknown. Portugal has so far given her consent that she has actually named her representative; and it appears undoubted that Spain has agreed, but under certain limited conditions. Italy has also, it is affirmed, given in her adhesion. But the actual decision of each of the great Powers seems to be still unknown.

M. De Morny has made a complaint to the Chamber of Deputies that the *Journal des Debats* had published "malevolent comments" upon the debates, and added that, upon a recurrence of the circumstance, he was resolved to "apply the law permitting the arraignment of public writers at the bar of the chamber."

ITALY.

The naval review before King Victor Emmanuel took place at Naples on Monday upon the most magnificent scale, calling forth great enthusiasm. Large numbers of boats, crowded with spectators, were in the roads and harbour, and the whole population of the city witnessed the spectacle from the shore. His Majesty left Naples on Tuesday for Leghorn.

An amnesty has been issued to political criminals, including Count Christen and Mr. Bishop. Offences against the press laws, evasion of the conscription, breaches of the forest laws, and infringement by National Guards of their military duties, are also pardoned.

PRUSSIA.

Herr von Grabow has been re-elected President of the Lower House by 224 votes, against 37 votes for M. von der Heydt. MM. Unruh and Bockum-Dolffs were chosen Vice-Presidents. M. Grabow characterised his post as a difficult one in the gloomy situation of the country. The strong desire expressed in the Royal Speech for a solution of pending differences would be fulfilled if the sworn Constitution of the country were constantly interpreted and acted upon only in its obvious spirit. Faith towards the rights of the Crown would not then be distinguishable from fidelity to the rights of the people, external dangers would be conquered, and Prussia's mission in the German Fatherland would be assured.

The Chamber of Deputies has had under consideration the report upon the Royal ordinance of June last concerning the press. Two influential members of the Chamber have brought forward a resolution declaring that the House declines to sanction the ordinance, on the ground that it was at once unnecessary and unconstitutional. The resolution, as proposed, emphatically asserts the principle that no limitation of the liberty of the press could be effected by means of a Royal ordinance, and that the decree in question was therefore, even according to the terms in which it was couched, a violation of the Constitution.

DENMARK AND THE DUCHIES.

The King of Denmark has given his sanction to the new Constitution, which had passed the Rigsraad during the life of the deceased King, but had not been confirmed by him. The alacrity of the act has given great satisfaction, and his Majesty is highly popular at Copenhagen.

The Holstein Deputies are very active in their opposition to the King's succession to the Duchies. The Government has prohibited a meeting they had called to assemble at Kiel. The Hereditary Prince Frederick, Duke of Augustenburg, has arrived at Berlin, and had an interview with Herr von Bismarck; and it is reported that war between Germany and Denmark is all but unavoidable. The Duke of Saxe-Weimar and the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen are said to have pronounced in favour of the Prince of Augustenburg. Prince Frederick of Augustenburg has issued a proclamation claiming to be Duke of Schleswig-Holstein.

GREECE.

At the request of the King, M. Bulgariis has formed a new Cabinet, composed as follows:—Minister of the Interior and President of the Council, M. Bulgariis; Minister of Finance, M. Drosos; Minister of Justice, M. Diamantopulos; Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Belyami; Minister of Public Worship, M. Petzalis; Minister for War, M. Smolentz.

JAPAN.

Up to the departure of the last mail there had been no further active hostilities in Japan. The immediate effect of the bombardment of Kagosima had been to cause the passage to the inland sea, which has been open to merchant-vessels for three or four years, to be closed. The Japanese appear to be a very different people to the Chinese, in so far as personal courage is concerned.

NEW ZEALAND.

The native war is gradually assuming wider limits, and it seems now to be accepted by both Maories and Europeans that this is the final struggle between the two races. With the exception of the tribes living north of the Auckland isthmus, and a few chiefs and their followers among the southern tribes, who still remain friendly, the whole of the native population is raised against her Majesty's authority. The Waikato Maories are the prime movers in the struggle, and their influence has drawn in most of the other tribes, under the fear that, did they withhold help at such a crisis, the Waikatos would, if successful, exterminate them. The Ngapuhi and other northern tribes have been tampered with by emissaries from the Maori King, and considerable uneasiness is felt lest they should waver in their present loyalty to the Government. It is satisfactory to know, however, that, as yet, the best feeling prevails among them, and by judicious action on the part of the Government they may be confirmed in their present loyalty.

THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

The Emperor of Russia has formally relieved the Grand Duke Constantine of his duties as Governor of Poland, in consequence, as the Imperial letter phrases it, of want of appreciation by the Poles of the motives and efforts of his Majesty and his brother for the pacification and conciliation of the people. General Berg succeeds to the position thus rendered vacant.

The Russian Government has issued a decree imposing upon the kingdom of Poland an additional tax to indemnify the Treasury for the sum of 27,000,000 florins abstracted by the insurgents. The deficit is to be replaced within eleven years.

A body of troops from the garrison of Kalisch had been dispatched in haste to Wloclaw, to the relief of Prince Wittgenstein, who was surrounded by the insurgents.

Advices from Warsaw announce that 300 prisoners left the citadel of that city on the 11th inst. condemned to deportation. The women of the poorer class, not having been able to conform to the regulations respecting apparel, had been arrested and beaten with rods.

Whole populations of villages in Lithuania are being forcibly transported to the steppes of the Ural. The inhabitants of Klauyski, Szaliszki, and Szylany, consisting of fifty-seven families, were thus transported a short time back. Their property was confiscated and sold, and the proceeds applied to the expenses of the journey. These unfortunate people having shown some hesitation to leave their homes, a body of troops was sent to force them to comply with Mouravieff's orders. In Wilna the convoys for Siberia leave every other Friday. In order to destroy every mark of nationality in the city, Mouravieff has ordered all the Polish inscriptions on the shops and at the corners of the streets to be erased, no more Polish bills of fare to be used in the restaurants, the Polish language to be no longer employed by tradesmen in making up their accounts, and the official language to be in all cases Russian, even on seals and stamps. Mouravieff has adopted

a new system for the incorporation of Poland with Russia. Those who petition the Czar for pardon are to be converted into Russians, and the rest sent to Asia. Addresses have accordingly been obtained, petitioning the Czar to allow the palatinate of Augustowo to be incorporated with the Russian empire.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

WAR NEWS.

The news from New York, which is to the 9th inst., is very indefinite as to the movements of the armies in Virginia. One report states that on Saturday, the 7th, General Meade's army advanced to the Rappahannock and attacked the Confederate outposts at Rappahannock station, Kelly's Ford. After a short but desperate conflict the Confederates, being overwhelmingly outnumbered, were driven across the river, leaving in the hands of the Federals 1800 prisoners and several cannon. The Federals admit a loss of upwards of 800 killed and wounded. The Federals crossed the river on Sunday, the 8th. The Confederates fell back towards Culpepper. It was reported that General Lee's army had been greatly reduced—to about 30,000, it was asserted; and that the knowledge of this fact emboldened Meade to make a forward movement. It is also averred, however, that Meade's object was to occupy a new place for winter quarters, where he would be comparatively free from the annoyance of the guerrilla parties. Guerrillas still infested the country along the Baltimore and Ohio Railway and pick up detached squads of soldiers, wagons, &c. It is estimated that General Imboden has in that locality and in that way captured, during the past year, not less than 1200 Federal troops and great quantities of baggage and stores.

From Chattanooga the news is that although the Confederates kept up their fire from Lookout Mountain, which the Federals had not captured as previously reported, they did very little harm; and the latter were able to bring their supplies into the town without difficulty. It was reported that Bragg's army in front of the place had been very much weakened for some unknown purpose, and that a strong force had been thrown by him across the Tennessee. General Thomas reports the capture of a forage-train belonging to General Bragg's army, together with the guard in the Lookout Valley. The portion of General Burnside's forces which occupied London, south of Knoxville, had returned to the north side of the Tennessee, and were posted upon the heights commanding the town. Despatches from General Grant had been received at Washington announcing that the Confederates had attacked two of Burnside's advanced positions and captured portions of two Federal regiments. No details are given.

Despatches from Cairo state that the Confederates made another attack upon Colliersville, Tennessee, on the 5th, and were again unsuccessful. The Confederate General Geary and thirteen officers of his Staff are said to have been captured during the fight.

General Thomas officially reports an engagement between a regiment of Michigan infantry and 400 guerrillas at Lawrenceburg, in Tennessee, on the 4th inst., in which the latter were defeated. The Confederate losses were eight men killed, seven wounded, and twenty-four captured. The Federals had three men wounded and eight horses killed.

Charleston and the forts in the harbour had been furiously bombarded by General Gilmore and the monitors; the flag on Sumter had been repeatedly shot down, but always re-hoisted; and shot and shell had been thrown into the city in considerable numbers. No serious impression, however, appears to have been produced on the defenses, the forts and batteries replying with vigour to the Federal attack. A report that Sumter had been captured, received by way of Philadelphia, was contradicted. President Davis had visited Charleston and inspected the defenses.

Advices from New Orleans of the 22nd ult. state that General Franklin's army took possession of Opelousas on the previous day. The Confederates were obliged to fall back from several strong positions, owing to the demonstrations made against their rear by General Dana. Another expedition was fitting out at New Orleans, and was expected to sail immediately; its destination was unknown.

GENERAL NEWS.

The elections in New York State, and in several others, had gone in favour of the Republican party. The Democratic ticket, however, had been voted in others; but it would appear that, by whatever means obtained, the Government were sure of a triumph at the ballot-boxes generally. Secretary Seward made a speech to the people of Auburn, in New York, on the evening before the election. He said the war was inaugurated to make Mr. Lincoln the President *de facto*, as he was *de jure*, of all the States, and that until that object was accomplished there could be no terms of peace discussed. He anticipated the early submission of the insurgents, "when there would be peace, and the angels in Heaven might tune their harps to the symphony of such a peace." There was no State that had not been made stronger and no citizen that had not been made richer by the war. A contest arose between the civil and military authorities in Maryland on the occurrence of the late elections. General Schenck ordered the arrest of all suspected disloyalists who should appear at the polls. Governor Bradford protested, on behalf of the States and freedom of election, and appealed to Washington. The President modified General Schenck's order, but said it was right in principle.

Governor Seymour had addressed a large assemblage of the Democracy of New York, at the Cooper Institute, and declared that when the soldiers demanded by the President's last call should be provided, they would complete the number of 2,000,000 of men furnished to the Administration for the war, of whom over 1,400,000 had already been sent to the field; that it had been proved that these troops were melting away at the rate of 100 men per day; that the war was involving the people in national bankruptcy and ruin; that the South could not be conquered unless conciliation was superadded to force; that the Democratic party desired that the war should cease, and that overtures of peace and reconciliation to the South might and ought to have been put forward when the signal victories of Vicksburg and Port Hudson had been achieved. He believed the war to be now carried on, not for the restoration of the Union and the preservation of the Constitution, but for the centralisation of power.

A conspiracy to overthrow the State Government of Ohio is reported to have been recently discovered. The programme of the plot comprehended the liberation of all the Confederate prisoners at Camp Chase and in the Penitentiary, the seizure of the arms in the arsenal at Columbus, and the inauguration of a general campaign throughout the State. Numerous arrests had been made.

The Provost Marshals had experienced serious difficulty in securing the conscripts drawn in the coal districts of Pennsylvania. At Mauch Chunk and Janesville the colliers had formed themselves into organized bodies, obtained arms, and were daily drilled for the purpose of resisting any attempt to force them into the army. At Mauch Chunk, on the night of the 5th inst., a Mr. Smith, a coal-dealer, was dragged from his house and murdered by a gang of colliers, out of revenge for having given information to the Provost Marshal which led to the arrest of some of the conscripts. Other murders had been committed at the same place and at Janesville. The rioters are mostly Irish.

GARIBALDI DECLINING A MONUMENT.—The Provincial Council of Potenza (one of the Neapolitan provinces afflicted with brigandage) a short time since unanimously voted a subsidy to the Polish revolution and a monument to Garibaldi. Garibaldi, in a letter published in the *Diritto*, applauds the subsidy, but declines the monument. "As to the monument to me," he says, "I beg you will dismiss the thought of it. If you insist, you will put me to the pain of saying that I will not accept it. As long as the soldiers of two foreign armies riot on our soil, as long as a stream of civil blood flows from the Tonto to the Strait, as long as the glorious remains of our national battles die of hunger or by their own hand in the midst of the insane rejoicings of our cities, as long as the boy wants a school and the orphan an asylum, as long as there are in Italy misery, chains, and darkness, speak not of monuments, least of all of a monument to me."

THE COURT-MARTIAL ON COLONEL CRAWLEY.

FIRST DAY.

ON Tuesday morning, at eleven o'clock, the court-martial on Colonel Crawley, who has been called upon to defend himself against certain charges in connection mainly with the death of Sergeant-Major Lilley, was opened in the large room of the Clubhouse at Aldershot. Lieutenant-General Sir George Augustus Wetherall, K.C.B., presided; the other members of the Court being Major-General John Lawrenson; Major-General David Russell, C.B.; Major-General Randal Rumley; Major-General Edward Cooper Hodge, C.B.; Colonel Robert Wardlaw, 1st Dragoons; Colonel Gloucester Gambier, C.B., Royal Artillery; Colonel the Hon. George Talbot Devereux, Royal Artillery; Colonel George Alexander Oakes, 12th Lancers; Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Sawyer, 6th Dragoon Guards; Lieutenant-Colonel William Wynne Lodder, 59th Foot; Lieutenant-Colonel John Neptune Sargent, 3rd Foot; Lieutenant-Colonel Soame Gambier Jenyns, C.B., 13th Hussars; Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh Maurice Jones, 73rd Foot; and Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Douglas Grey, 37th Foot.

Colonel James Kennard Phipps, unattached, was the officiating Judge Advocate; the prosecutor being Colonel Sir Alfred Horsford, K.C.B. Colonel Crawley was assisted in his defence by Mr. W. Vernon Harcourt and Mr. Waller.

The following charges, which Colonel Crawley has to answer, were read:—

1. For conduct unbecoming an officer, and to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, in having at Mhow, during the month of May, A.D. 1862, when the Regimental Sergeant-Major Lilley was confined in close arrest, caused the orders under which he was so confined to be carried into effect with unnecessary and undue severity, whereby the said Regimental Sergeant-Major Lilley and his wife were subjected to great and grievous hardship and suffering.

2. For conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, in having at Mhow, on or about the 7th day of June, A.D. 1862, in the course of an address made by him before the general court-martial which was then being held for the trial of Paymaster T. Smales, 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons, expressed himself in the following language, or in words to the like effect:—"Close arrest necessarily implies a sentence over a prisoner, but it does not necessitate his being placed over a prisoner's wife or family; and I can assure the Court that no person could be more shocked than I was when I learned, from the evidence of Sergeant-Major Lilley, that his wife had been incommoded or annoyed by the precaution taken for his safe custody. It was Lieutenant and Adjutant Fitzsimon's fault if any such thing occurred; for it was his duty as Adjutant to have seen the post assigned to the sentry, and to have taken care that no such improper interference with the privacy of the Sergeant-Major's wife could have taken place. As it was, immediately I became acquainted with the statement of Sergeant-Major Lilley, I sent off orders to have the sentry removed to a post where he could perform his duty equally well without annoying or interfering with Mrs. Lilley. Thereby representing that the said Lieutenant and Adjutant Fitzsimon was in fault for what had occurred, whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Lieutenant-Colonel Crawley then well knew that the said Lieutenant and Adjutant Fitzsimon had acted in the said matter by the express order and direction of the said Lieutenant-Colonel Crawley."

Colonel Phipps inquired whether Colonel Crawley objected to be tried by the President or any member of the Court.

Colonel Crawley—None.

On being called on to plead, Colonel Crawley objected that the charges made against him were too vague and circumscribed to enable him fully to defend himself. He read a lengthened correspondence, in which he requested the authorities to extend the charges, so that he might have ample opportunity of meeting them fully; but the replies showed that his Royal Highness the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief did not consent.

Sir A. Horsford said the prisoner wished to be tried on other charges, but it had already been decided that the prisoner should be arraigned on the charges which had been held by the Judge-Advocate-General to be sufficient in a law.

The Court retired for a few minutes; and, on their return, The President said, the Court having considered the statement of Colonel Crawley, saw no reason why the trial should not now be proceeded with. Colonel Crawley then pleaded "Not guilty" to both charges.

Sir A. Horsford stated the nature of the evidence he should adduce, and then proceeded to call his witnesses.

Mr. John Skolick, chief clerk in the Judge-Advocate's office, produced an official copy, printed by order of the House of Commons, of the proceedings of the Mhow court-martial.

Colonel Crawley asked that it should be accepted by the Court, subject to any inaccuracies it contained. He believed there were certain inaccuracies in the copy as compared with the original proceedings.

Major J. Hyde Champion, of the Bombay Staff, and Assistant Adjutant-General to the Mhow division of the Bombay army, examined by the official prosecutor, deposed to the correctness of models produced as representing the two bungalows in which Sergeant-Major Lilley was confined, but added that the first model was not of the same bungalow in which Sergeant-Major Lilley was imprisoned, that having been pulled down before the model was constructed, but it was the model of similar quarters now in existence in the cantonment of Mhow. The second model was a correct model of the building in which the sergeant-major died.

Colonel Crawley applied to be allowed to postpone the cross-examination of the witnesses until the following day, as he was advised that he could not pursue it at once with justice to his defence. This request was complied with.

Lieutenant and Adjutant T. J. Fitzsimon, of the 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons, was then called and deposed—*I was Adjutant of that regiment on the 26th of April, 1862, at Mhow. I had a communication with Colonel Crawley on that day on the subject of the arrest of Sergeant-Major Lilley. I was sent for to Colonel Crawley's house, at Mhow. He asked me if I knew who was in the conspiracy going on against him. I said I was not aware of it. He said I did not do my duty, then, as Adjutant; for I should know everything. He told me that Regimental Sergeant-Major Lilley and Troop Sergeant-Majors Wakefield and Duval were in the conspiracy against him. He ordered me to place them under arrest, which I did. I asked if sentries were to be placed over them. He told me he would let me know, because (to the best of my recollection) he wished to speak to the General about it. Subsequently he gave me a written order to place sentries over the quarters of the prisoners. The order now produced by the prosecutor is the one I received. The order was that each of the parties mentioned be placed under close arrest, with a sentry over each of them, and that no person was to hold communication with either of them. It was signed Colonel Crawley, dated April 26, 1862. When I received that order I gave it to the acting regimental Sergeant-Major, Cotton, and told him to have the sentries posted. I did not see the sentries posted, but went afterwards and inspected them. The sentry was in the verandah outside the building. I cannot say that the first sentry I visited was the first that was posted.*

The prisoner wished a note made of this answer.

Examination resumed.—*I had some subsequent conversation with Colonel Crawley on the subject a few days after in the regimental orderly-room in the barracks. Colonel Crawley said to me that persons held intercourse with the prisoners, and asked me if I knew what close sight of his prisoner said that it meant that the sentry was not to lose sight of his prisoner night or day, and gave me the order that the sentries were to be placed inside, so that they should not lose sight of the prisoners remark to Colonel Crawley that Sergeant-Major Lilley was a married man. The answer of the Colonel was to the effect, "officer or soldier, married or single, he did not care."—*I am not sure whether the words "a day" were added, but it is my impression that they were. "Duty shall be done," and he ordered the acting Regimental Sergeant-Major to go and see it done. I also made a remark—to the best of my recollection it was on some linen on her chest every day. Major Swinlake was present on that occasion also, and Captain Wear, Quartermaster Wodkin, and I think Sergeant-Major Cotton. When I received the order from Colonel Crawley I laid a written order for the posting of the sentries before him for his approval. He added one or two words to it in his own handwriting, and signed it. I then gave the order to the acting Regimental Sergeant-Major, in order that he might place the sentries. I have not got the order, nor a copy of it. I was ill about that time, and Cornet Snell became acting Adjutant. That was about the 4th or 5th of May. I resumed my duties as Adjutant on the 16th of May. I was suspended from the adjutancy on the 22nd of May. I had known Sergeant-Major Lilley ever since I had been in the regiment at the commencement of 1862. I always heard the highest character of him. I never saw him in the least intoxicated. He had never been reduced to my knowledge. I believe his name had never appeared in the defendant-book. I never visited the sentries posted over Sergeant-Major Lilley as orderly officer. I never received any order from Colonel Crawley to remove the sentry from inside Sergeant-Major Lilley's quarters. There was an order given about Sergeant-Major Lilley having exercise, but I cannot state the date. It was some time after the arrest.**

The prisoner objected to the form in which the questions were put by the official prosecutor, on the ground that they were all leading questions tending to put words into the witness's mouth.

Examination resumed.—*After the proceedings of the Mhow court-martial, on my return from Lucknow, where I had been on leave of absence, I wrote a letter addressed to the acting Adjutant of the regiment for the information of Sir Hugh Rose, the Commander-in-Chief. I wrote it in consequence of the remarks his Excellency had made regarding me at the court-martial, and also in consequence of certain remarks made by Colonel Crawley in his reply on the same occasion. Colonel Crawley sent for me to his house on the same day or the day after I forwarded the letter. He made several remarks on my letter, and gave it back to me, saying that if I wished he would forward it, or that I might make any changes in it I wished. I took the letter back, and, after considering the matter over, I again forwarded it, with a request that it might be sent on to the Commander-in-Chief. I made some changes in it. About a fortnight afterwards Colonel Crawley again sent for me, and read out a letter from Major Champion, which I understood had been written by order of General Farrell. When the letter was read out to me from General Farrell, I wrote stating that if the General considered my letter insubordinate I begged permission to withdraw it, and it was withdrawn accordingly. (The witness's first letter was put in and identified by him, and the letter of the Assistant Adjutant-General (Farrell) to Colonel Crawley, directing him to acquaint Lieutenant Fitzsimon that the Major-General considered the appeal against the reprimand of the president of the court-martial and Sir H. Rose as an act of insubordination dangerous to his own prospects, and to afford him an opportunity of withdrawing the letter, and advising him to do so.) I believe the letter now read was the one read to me by Colonel Crawley, and in consequence of which I withdrew my letter.*

The president thought that the letter of Lieutenant Fitzsimon, having been withdrawn, ought to be treated as a nullity. At all events, the Court had nothing to do with it. Lieutenant Fitzsimon was not on his trial, and therefore there was no reason to read documents for the purpose of defending him.

The prosecutor proposed to put in the letters to show why Lieutenant Fitzsimon did not at the time press his complaint against Lieutenant-Colonel Crawley, but, if the Court did not wish to receive them, the prosecution would not press them.

The Court then retired to consult, and, on their return, the president intimated that the letters should be received, but suggested that in future all papers intended to be presented should first be submitted to the president, that it might be decided whether they should be admitted or not.

Examination resumed.—*In consequence of the recommendation I wrote a conditional letter of withdrawal. (This letter was handed in as evidence.) I was again sent for to Colonel Crawley's house, when he read a letter from Major Champion, in which it was stated I was to assign no reason for withdrawing my letter, but merely request leave to withdraw it, which I did in a subsequent letter. The conversation I have repeated here as having occurred between Colonel Crawley and me may not be word for word, but in substance what I have stated is correct.*

Enthbert Blake, private, 6th Dragoons—*I was Corporal of the guard over Sergeant-Major Lilley on the 1st of May, 1862. I posted the sentries outside his door. I was confined in consequence. I was confined on the crime of neglect of duty in not posting the sentry inside. I did not hear any orders given about where they should be posted. I was tried by a regimental court-martial, on the charge of neglect of duty and not obeying a regimental order.*

Sergeant Mills, of the 6th Inniskillings, who, in answer to a preliminary question, said he was a Protestant, deposed—*I mounted guard on Sergeant-Major Lilley on the 1st of May, 1862. On visiting the sentry I found him outside, and, on inquiry, he told me the Corporal had placed him there. The consequence was that the Corporal was placed under arrest. The Sergeant-Major was allowed to take exercise an hour in the morning and an hour in the evening. I don't know when that order was given, but I believe it was at the recommendation of the doctor. The Sergeant-Major was always accompanied in the same manner. At first he used to go jogging round the racetrack with the Sergeant, but afterwards the Sergeant always walked fifteen or twenty yards in the rear of the Sergeant-Major. I don't recollect when the order came out altering the mode of accompanying the Sergeant-Major. The Sergeant-Major was a man who used to consume a deal of drink. He could carry a great deal. He was a great, coarse, ignorant man, as I should put it down. I have many times seen him drunk, but never upon duty. I don't know if he was a man of active stirring habits, but he used to ride about on a pony. He could not walk much, for he had bad feet. I mounted guard over him again on the night of the 19th, and all day on the 20th of May. On that occasion there was an alteration of the order, that was that the medical officer might go in to see him. At the first time no one was allowed in but the native servant, who was to be searched going in and coming out. (The witness explained the model of the Sergeant-Major's residence, where he was confined, and the position in which the sentry was posted—viz., in the servant's room, but overlooking the sleeping room and all the other rooms.) On the 19th and 20th, when I visited the sentries they were in the troop-bungalow in the verandah, where Sergeant-Major Lilley slept that night. The orders to the sentry were, that he should never lose sight of the prisoner by day or night, to allow no one but the medical officer and the native servant to hold communication with him, and to search the native servant on going in and coming out, and take from him any letter, document, or scrap of paper, and hand it to the Sergeant of the guard, who was to carry it to the adjutant for the commanding officer's inspection. These orders were written and posted in the guardroom, signed by the Adjutant, Lieutenant Fitzsimon, and the acting Adjutant. I don't know what has become of those orders. Sergeant-Major Lilley was taken from his bungalow to the troop-bungalow because the former was required to be pulled down for a new barracks to be built upon the same site.*

SECOND DAY.

The sitting on Wednesday was taken up with the cross-examination of Major Champion by the prisoner. The object of the questions put was, first, to show that the bungalow in which Sergeant-Major Lilley was confined was a commodious building; next, that Lilley was a man of bad character; and next, that the prisoner had throughout exerted himself to have Lilley treated as leniently as possible. The Court stopped the examination as to Lilley's character, the President announcing that it was willing to assume that he was a man of the worst character. The question of character was not, the President said, what the Court had to deal with. Its duty was to inquire whether the prisoner had exercised undue severity in dealing with Lilley.

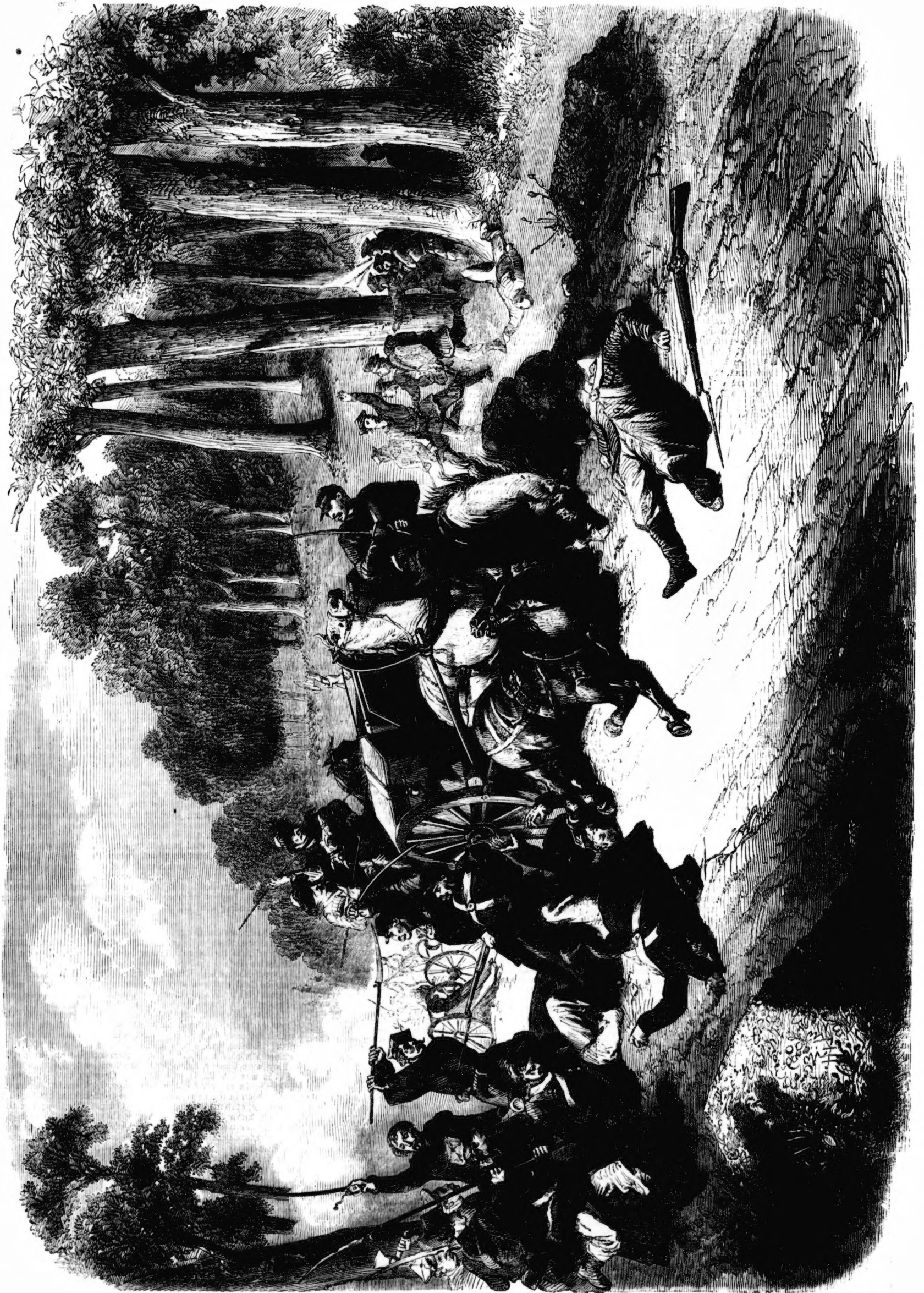
THIRD DAY.

On Thursday the Court was occupied with the continued cross-examination of Major Champion, the purport of the questions asked of the witness by Colonel Crawley being to show that no animus or vindictive feeling had influenced the prisoner in his conduct to Sergeant-Majors Lilley, Wakefield, and Duval. The witness declared that he had not seen any indications of such animus, and that Sergeant-Major Wakefield was not, so far as he was aware, affected in his mind by the treatment he received in confinement.

Lieutenant Fitzsimon was next cross-examined by Colonel Crawley, and questioned as to the character of the quarters in which Sergeant-Major Lilley died, which he described as a bomb-proof building which was habitable, but not comfortable. The witness stated, further, that the quarters occupied by Sergeant-Major Lilley were those assigned by the authorities to the regiment, and that it was not the fault of Colonel Crawley that they were not better. In answer to other questions, Lieutenant Fitzsimon said he had seen in the newspapers, but he did think he had heard them elsewhere, statements prejudicial to Colonel Crawley; but that he did not know the source whence they emanated, and did not take any steps to contradict them. Witness had been deprived of the adjutancy in consequence, as he believed, of having partaken of the hospitality of Paymaster Smales, and because Colonel Crawley said he was unfit to discharge the duties of the office. The witness was then questioned as to whether he had held any intercourse with Paymaster Smales since that gentleman left the regiment, and said that he had seen him several times, some of these occasions being since the Court began its sittings. Finally, Lieutenant Fitzsimon was asked whether the sentries were placed over Sergeant-Major Lilley while he (the witness) was Adjutant, and in accordance with orders; both of which questions he answered in the affirmative. As to whether the sentries were placed so as to be "calculated to annoy" the Sergeant-Major and his wife, the witness said that if the words quoted were meant to imply that the commanding officer intended to cause annoyance in so placing the sentries, he could not answer the question—he did not know. Several other questions bearing on the same point were put, but no evidence of importance was elicited.

The Court adjourned at a little after four o'clock.

THE MEMBERS OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF ST. PATRICK walked in procession to Glasnevin Cemetery on Sunday last and deposited regrets and immortelles on the tomb of M'Manus, one of the so-called patriots of 1848.



THE SURRECTION IN POLAND. - COMBAT NEAR ZYZIN.

THE POLES IN LUBLIN AND PODLACHIA.

IN the Lublin district, which lies ninety-four miles from Warsaw, in the marshy country on the left bank of the Bistritz, the insurgents have lately sprung into fresh life. Three new detachments have appeared there, led respectively by Komerowski, Leinkiewicz, and Aladar, Kruk maintaining the command-in-chief. These troops have already had one of the most important engagements which have lately taken place in a battle with the Russians at Zyzin. The forces were pretty nearly equal, and consisted of about 2000 men on each side, the Russians having the advantage of a battery of guns. The struggle lasted fiercely for about four hours, when the Russians were completely routed, having suffered severe loss both in killed and wounded; while the guns, a chest containing 200,000 roubles, and a quantity of weapons were taken by the insurgents, together with about 246 prisoners, of whom nine were officers. Our Engraving represents the taking of the Russian chest. This victory was greatly owing to the bravery exhibited by the Polish scythemen in the final onslaught; and it is declared that the Russian prisoners were treated by the Poles with the utmost humanity, having only been compelled to deliver up their arms, after which they each received half a rouble and were set at liberty.

THE RAIN IN MEXICO.

THERE is little news of any importance from Mexico; but it would appear that the French troops at Vera Cruz continue to suffer from the sickness incident to the country at this season of the year; while in the capital itself the state of things has been anything but pleasant, as may be seen from our Engraving, which is taken from a sketch of one of the principal streets during the heat and rains which prevail from the vernal equinox to the middle of October. It may be imagined to what a condition the inhabitants must be reduced when even the sunken, ill-paved streets are turned into lakes, and complete cataracts fall from the spouts which relieve the roofs of the tall houses. Altogether, Mexico has been but a dull city for the troops, and the termination of the wet season has been hailed with the utmost satisfaction. Previous to his departure, however, General Forey assembled the troops in the great square, the centre of which is occupied by a circular stone platform (no doubt intended for a statue) where, surrounded by the officers, he distributed the crosses of the Legion of Honour and named those who had gained promotion. This ceremony was witnessed with the most lively satisfaction both by the troops and the people, and it may be taken as the farewell of General (now Marshal) Forey, who will, it is said, visit the Confederate head-quarters previous to his return to France.



RAIN-FLOOD IN THE STREETS OF MEXICO.

STAGHUNT AT MORSANG.

OUR Engraving represents an incident which must have afforded no little satisfaction to the people who had assembled to witness it, and which is a rare occurrence indeed in a place like Morsang, which may be called one of the environs of Paris. The hunt was directed by Prince Wagram, who is himself an ardent admirer of "la chasse," and the sportsmen consisted of himself and his son, Prince Murat (in a fancy costume of velvet and Der Freischutz boots), Count Clary, and two or three guests.

The stag, wounded in the wood of Sénart, took the river opposite a spot called Le Gouffre, part of the estate of Count Clary, to whose château the hunters returned after

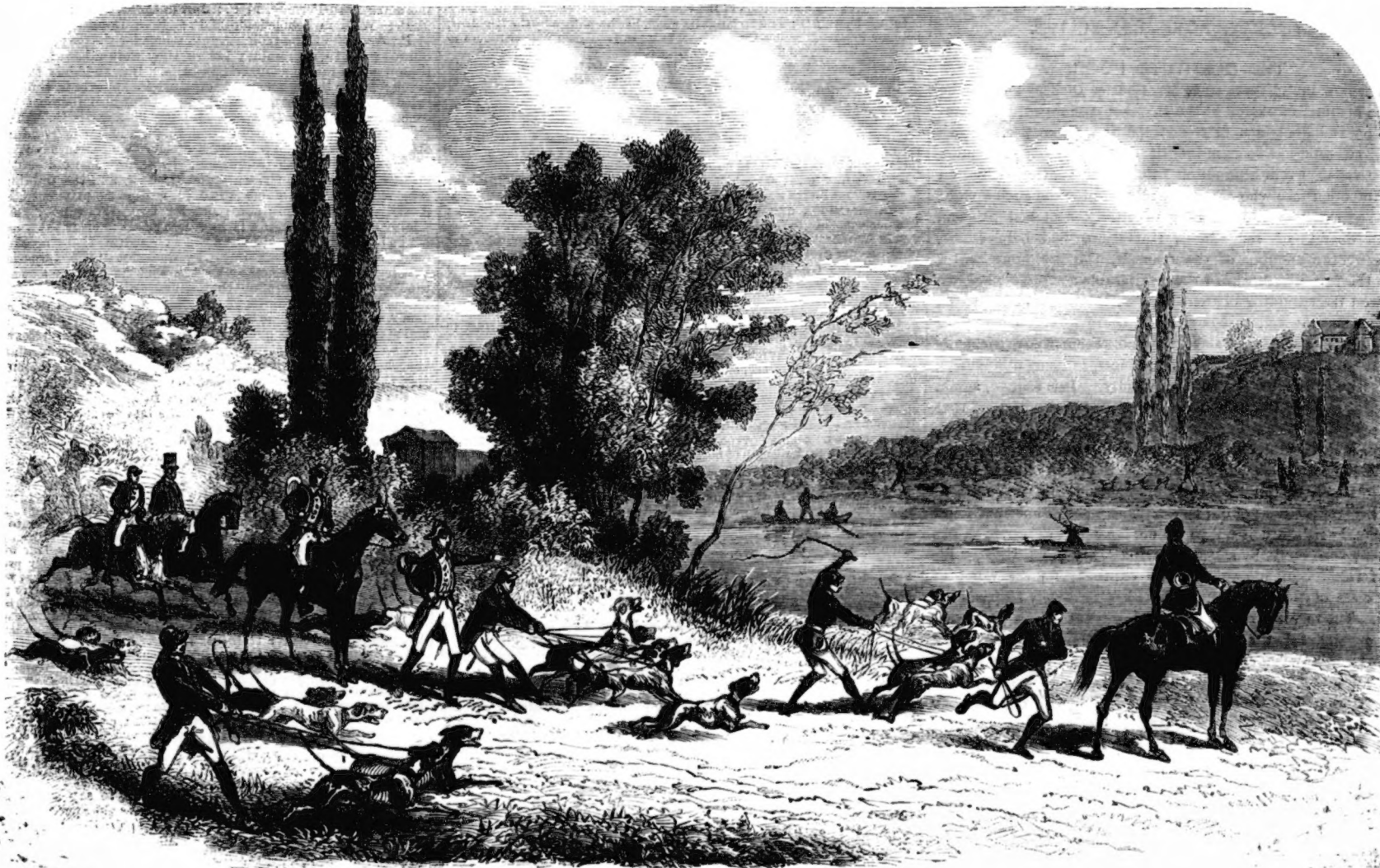
Sonderburg-Glücksburg (the father of the Princess of Wales and of the King of the Greeks), who was born in 1818, and who, by a decree issued in December, 1858, received for himself and his descendants the title of Royal Highness. Prince Christian was proclaimed King, on Monday, by M. Hall, the President of the Danish Council of Ministers, from the balcony of the Palace of Christiansburg. The new King presented himself on the balcony, and was received enthusiastically by an immense crowd which had assembled beneath. Mingled with the cheers for the King were cheers for "Denmark and Schleswig," and the new Danish Constitution. His Majesty married, in 1842, Princess Louise, of Hesse-Cassel, who is about six months older than her Royal consort, having been born in September, 1817. Previous to the late King's accession to the throne he had only

their sport. The first who arrived on the bank was Prince Wagram, who alighted in order to direct his followers. For a long time the stag kept the middle of the Seine, and could only be approached by a huntsman who followed in a fishing-boat and finally killed it by a pistol-shot through the head. The carcass of the unfortunate animal was afterwards cut up and distributed to the people present, only the head and a small part of the venison being sent to the Château de la Grange.

This, from the French point of view, was full of picturesque interest as a scene in "la chasse," although the pack of hounds had nothing to do with the final capture of the game.

THE LATE KING OF DENMARK.

FREDERICK CHARLES CHRISTIAN—known as Frederick VII.—King of Denmark, died very unexpectedly on Sunday last. He was born Oct. 1, 1808, and, consequently, had but recently attained his fifty-fifth year. He was the son of King Christian VIII., and his mother was Princess Charlotte Frédérique, daughter of Frederick Francis, Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The late King succeeded his father on Jan. 20, 1848. He was three times married: first, in November, 1828, to Princess Wilhelmina Maria, daughter of Frederick VI., King of Denmark, but was separated from her in September, 1837. The second marriage was to Princess Caroline Charlotte Marianne, daughter of George, Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, on June 10, 1841; but a second separation took place, in September, 1846. The third marriage of the King, to Countess Danner, was of a morganatic nature, and much scandal has from time to time been in circulation in respect of this union and the circumstances arising out of it. No issue was born of either of the marriages; and by an arrangement made in May, 1852, and by a law of succession passed in July, 1853, the Crown devolves on Prince Christian of Denmark, of the house of Schleswig-Holstein-



STAGHUNT NEAR MORSANG.

been known through the scandal of his unhappy domestic relations. His accession (in 1848) took place at a time when the revolutionary spirit had kindled the zeal of the Germans for unity, and he was at once called on to face an attack by the German Confederation, of which Prussia was acting as the executive power. In those revolutionary years the German Confederation not only claimed the duchy of Holstein, which was admitted to be German, but also that of Schleswig, which was by the Danes denied to be German at all. In those days of high-handed action, however, the Germans would not condescend to argument; they gathered together an army and invaded the Duchies, their great object, it was understood, being to obtain possession of the port of Kiel, in order to develop themselves as a maritime power. Here, however, they encountered an opposition on which they had not calculated. The invasion of their country roused in the Danes all their old Scandinavian spirit; the King, who had already won popular favour by the proclamation of an amnesty and the promise of a Constitution, put himself at the head of his people and showed a spirit worthy of the noblest of his ancestors. The enthusiasm of the country was roused to the highest pitch; a well-equipped force was sent on to the frontier. The two armies met on the confines between the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, and a sharp action took place, in which both sides claimed the victory. This happened about the same time that the revolutionary fever began to cool both in Germany and elsewhere, and this fight did not tend to revive it. Diplomatic action was allowed to take the place of military arbitrament.

The King's morganatic marriage, in 1850, which brought upon him much unpopularity, also brought into prominence, and made ripe for speedy settlement, a question which had hitherto lain in abeyance. The King had no issue by either of his marriages, and the line of the Royal family which he represented died with him. The family next in succession was that of Augustenburg, a German branch, and of which nearly all the members were devoted to the German view of the union of the Duchies. This policy made them popular in Holstein, but formed a great drawback to their pretensions in Denmark proper. The only exception to the politics of his family was a younger brother, Prince Christian, who, with a numerous family and a small income, was living in modest retirement. There was every probability of the Danish succession becoming a disputed one, to end in a civil war that might disturb the peace of Europe; and to avert that calamity the great Powers of Europe gave their opinions on the matter. After much deliberation and no small amount of intrigue, it was at last agreed to recommend to the choice of the Constitutional Estates the Danish-favouring Prince Christian, in preference to his elder but German-prefering brothers. The choice was not at once ratified. One Parliament after another objected to the selection, and each was in turn dissolved by the King, who had the succession of Prince Christian much at heart. At last, in 1854, a Parliament was returned in favour of the arrangement. Prince Christian was declared the Heir Presumptive.

Since the settlement of the succession few events have occurred to disturb the tranquillity of King Frederick's life, always excepting the chronic irritation arising out of the Schleswig-Holstein dispute. Of late that dispute has become more than usually venomous; but while all men were watching for the crisis the King is snatched away, and the father of the Princess of Wales succeeds to a throne which is likely to prove a heritage of trouble rather than a position of splendour; which has already been proved by the fact that Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has declared that the succession to the Duchies rests with the Prince of Augustenburg. We are thus curiously mixed up in a complicated dynastic question. Duke Ernest is the uncle of the Prince of Wales; King Christian of Denmark is his father-in-law. Which side is the Prince's country to espouse in the dispute as to the succession—not to the Danish crown, for that is not questioned—but to the rule in Schleswig and in Holstein-Lauenburg? The points which have long been in dispute between Denmark and the German Bund are thus further complicated by the death of King Frederick.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1863.

THE DESTITUTE POOR.

It is now many years since Mr. Charles Dickens gave to the public his terrible sketch of the crowd of casual paupers assembled on the doorsteps of a metropolitan workhouse. Since then, the scene has become familiar to the majority of London pedestrians. From Shoreditch to Kensington, from Islington to Lambeth, those who care to behold and to note such a sight may see every evening a gang of utterly wretched paupers, of all degrees of raggedness, starvation, and helplessness, awaiting the opening of the doors by the workhouse porter with the patient anxiety of those miserable creatures who once awaited the troubling of the waters by the Angel at Bethesda.

After a time old things become again new. Thus, after about seven years' lapse since the publication of Mr. Dickens's narration, the leading journal reproduces, in its own language, the scene which he sketched so vividly. It is argued, again, that this state of things is one of unnecessary cruelty, and that it is policy, not to say humanity, to provide some kind of rough shelter and coarse food for the nightly outcast.

The subject is one which cannot be too often brought under the notice of the intelligent and humane majority of the public. But a correspondent of our contemporary points out that, after all, the Legislature is not to blame, inasmuch as provision has already been made by statute nearly twenty years since, "for the formation of district asylums expressly for the relief of this class of poor." But the parishes resolutely stopped the way. The result was that ultimately the authorities gave way, the scheme for the establishment and maintenance of the refuges was withdrawn, and so "the law became a dead letter."

It is therefore clear that the fault lies with our poor-law system and administration. And the crime of leaving the wretched outcasts to perish in the streets, to be moved on from doorways by the police, and to be taken into custody for snatching fitful slumbers in the parks, is all clearly traceable to one great error—that of the non-equalisation of the poor rates. This is the nucleus of corruption whence spring all the parochial fungi—the squabbling, chandlery, twopenny parliaments of vestrymen—the ludicrously mis-called "relieving" officers—the bulldog workhouse porters—the tyrannies and

degradations of the union, which two thirds of our destitute population would rather perish in the streets than undergo as permanent paupers. The establishment of "unions" was in itself a concession to the principle and a step towards the practice of equalisation. It was considered that by joining two parishes the weight of the poor rates would not fall so heavily upon the poorer of the two as if each had been separate. But, in practice, it is found that two propinquous parishes do not present such inequalities of need as to render the principle of union practically beneficial. Take Hackney, Shoreditch, Bethnal-green, and Whitechapel, for example. Any two of these might be united without advantage to either. So with St. Margaret and St. John, Westminster—both heavily burdened with poor; while in St. George's, Hanover-square, which is contiguous to both, the rates are inconsiderable, although the inhabitants generally reap no benefit whatever from the fact, which is taken into consideration by the landlord as a pretext for an increased rental.

Then, again, the control of the affairs of poverty-stricken parishes falls almost exclusively into the hands of those whose interest it is to keep down the rates to the lowest possible assessment. Hence the exclusion of the casual poor, and the atrocious system by which the helpless, broken-spirited pauper finds his lot harder than that of the criminal in gaol. A direct and important interest in the lowness of the rates is usually the guiding motive of the local authority. When one of the wealthier or more liberal class becomes invested with parochial office, as guardian or vestryman, he finds the companionship thus forced upon him intolerable. He is overpowered by a clamorous vulgar majority; or, his time being too valuable to be wasted in listening to the harangues of ignorant colleagues, he finds perpetrated in his absence mischief and wrong against which he could have offered only a vain protest had he been present. Hence, intelligent, educated, and benevolent men shun vestries and boards, and thus evade the dire responsibility of the starvation, the "blood poisoning," and "death by exposure" of their wretched fellow-citizens, to protect whom they would have incurred almost anything short of the tedium and disgust consequent upon the harangues and disputations of tallow-chandlers, grocers, and butchers. Meanwhile, the poor perish or are driven into crime, while the superior classes hold aloof, and the squabbling representatives of "the parish" hold their palavers after a fashion which would not be tolerated in a council of savages, much less among the youths of a discussion class at any decent Mechanics' Institution.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY has sent three guineas to Martha Reed, an Aberdeen girl, aged thirteen, in return for some verses on "Albert the Good."

PRINCE ALFRED AND PRINCE WILLIAM OF HESSE were admitted members of the famous Speculative Society of Edinburgh on Tuesday evening.

LORD PALMERSTON will preside at the anniversary dinner of the Scottish Hospital, to be held at the Freemasons' Tavern on St. Andrew's Day, Nov. 30.

PARLIAMENT has been further prorogued beyond the 1st of December.

A STATUE OF THE LATE DUKE OF RICHMOND was last week inaugurated in the square at Huntly, North Britain.

THE COOPERS OF EDINBURGH have struck for an advance of wages. "BIG BEN" is once more announcing time from the clock-tower of Westminster Palace.

A STEAM-BOILER EXPLODED at some alum-works, in Greenwich Marshes, on Wednesday, and caused the death of the workman and serious injuries to four other persons.

A THANK OFFERING OF £100 has been sent, through Messrs. Stillwells, to the Royal National Life-boat Institution, from a lady "for preservation at sea during the awful storm of the 31st ult."

DURING THE LAST THREE MONTHS much has been done by the Russians, not only in strengthening Cronstadt, but also in fortifying the entrances to the Neva, in building gun-boats, batteries, &c.

MR. CRAWSHAY, Mayor of Gateshead, at a recent civic banquet, declined to propose the toast of the Army and Navy, on the ground of the late proceedings in Japan.

THE *Nation*, OF PARIS, asserts that the demolition of the fortifications at Corfu has been resolved upon.

CAPTAIN SHAW, chief of the London Fire Brigade, met with a severe accident at a fire, last week, which has since incapacitated him for the performance of his duties. He is, however, slowly recovering.

TWO WOMEN have this week died in Manchester, and a man in Newport, Wales, from drinking ardent spirits to excess.

THE CHAMPION OF THE SEAS, having on board Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, anchored in the bay at Melbourne on the 24th of September.

THE WORCESTERSHIRE MAGISTRATES have compelled the schoolmaster of the county gaol to send in his resignation because he is a Dissenter.

A BALLOON OMNIBUS is projected in Paris, capable of containing 250 persons and intended to make aerial voyages from the Place de la Concorde to the Bois de Boulogne.

AT ALNASS (NORTH BRITAIN), a horse having fallen sick, it was supposed that the witches rode it at night. It was accordingly, in order to keep them off, wrapped in a mortcloth for several days!

A NUMBER OF CONVICTS made a forcible attempt to escape from Dartmoor Prison a few days ago, but were resolutely resisted by the officers, and ultimately compelled to submit.

FOLKESTONE has now the peculiar distinction of being represented by a Roman Catholic in her Protestant vestry, by a Jew in Parliament, and by a Frenchman as chief magistrate.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR COTTON is said to have been discovered by a firm in Liverpool, which, for length of fibre, delicacy, elasticity, and great strength, is equal, at least, to Indian cotton. It can be produced to any amount, at 6d. per lb.

CAPTAIN STONE, of the steam-ship *Africa*, has had his certificate suspended for six months, for want of sufficient care while navigating his ship, and thus allowing her to run aground on her late voyage across the Atlantic.

A STEAMER got away from Grand Popo, on the African coast, with a cargo of 900 slaves, on Oct. 5, and about a month previously a brig sailed with 300.

THE BISHOP OF CHESTER has appointed his own son—a youth who has been less than two years in orders—to the registrarship of the diocese, a post estimated to be worth £800 a year.

AT AN INFLUENTIAL MEETING, held on Friday week, in Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of the Duke of Cambridge, it was determined that a memorial of the late Lord Clyde should be erected, and that it should partake of a national character.

THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC WONDER is photographing on steel. The engraving thus obtained, it is said, will yield 5000 copies. This is the grand point long aimed at, and will make a revolution in affairs of art and literature.

THE LONDON THIEVES have devised a new method of robbing ladies of their purses, by pouring a small quantity of vitriol into the pocket, which burns the lining: the purse drops in the street, and is picked up by the hand of the operator.

BARON GROS left Albert-gate House on Sunday for Paris, his Excellency having relinquished his post as Ambassador of France. The Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, the late French Ambassador at Rome, who is appointed by the Emperor the successor of Baron Gros, will arrive in London towards the end of the week to enter on his diplomatic duties as Ambassador.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST on THE MAN HUNT, believed to have poisoned his wife and children in a cab, has resulted in a verdict of felo-de-se, and his body has consequently been buried at midnight, and without any religious service.

A BETTING-MAN, known by the sobriquet of "The Hyde Park Ranger," he having transacted much of his business in a ring daily formed in Hyde Park, has "levanted" since the Cambridgeshire Stakes race was decided, and, it is said, "his debts of honour" upon that race amount to £20,000.

THE HEREFORDSHIRE MEMORIAL TO THE LATE SIR G. C. LEWIS is to assume the form of a statue, in bronze, of the right hon. gentleman, to be placed within the railing in front of the Shirehall, Hereford. The work is to be entrusted to Baron Marochetti, who has undertaken its execution for the sum of £1000.

AT THE MEETING OF THE MANCHESTER CENTRAL RELIEF COMMITTEE on Monday a report was made from which it appeared that the gradual diminution of the unemployed had received a slight check, and that there was an increase of 211 on the numbers receiving parochial relief.

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING, a few days ago, struck and went through the roof of the church of St. Aphrodite, at Beziers, France. No great damage was done to the roof; but the electric fluid lighted all the wax candles placed in the choir and at the altar; and when the attendant at the church opened it in the morning he found all the candles at the altar burning just as they are when grand mass is celebrated.

A LARGE NUMBER OF ROMAN COPPER COINS, of very ancient date and of different reigns, have been discovered in the vicinity of Old Sarum. One jar contained no less than 218, another 159, and a third 140, the whole, together with the jars, being in a good state of preservation.

A COMMITTEE OF NAVAL OFFICERS had been nominated by the Admiralty with a view to a strict inquiry being instituted into dockyard management. Admiral Sir Houston Stewart, K.C.B., and Vice-Admiral the Hon. George Grey are, it is said, to be two of the members. Mr. Hickman, Paymaster Royal Navy, is spoken of as likely to be the secretary.

A GLASGOW PAPER announces "for sale, by private bargain, the wonderful organ of James Watt, the illustrious inventor of steam, made by his own hands for his own amusement, in the city of Glasgow, nearly 100 years ago."

THE PROTOCOL ratifying the resignation of the protectorate and the cession of the Ionian Islands to the kingdom of Greece by Great Britain was signed on Saturday last by the representatives of the five great Powers, the signatures standing in alphabetical order—1, Austria; 2, Great Britain; 3, France; 4, Prussia; 5, Russia.

THE STEAMER *WILL-O'-THE-WISP*, built by W. Simmons and Co., London Works, Renfrew, has just been tried on the Clyde, and attained a speed of over eighteen miles an hour, with a dead weight of 200 tons on board. The ship is of 600 tons burden and 180-horse power. The builders gain a considerable premium by their success in furnishing a swift vessel.

THE "FIRST WHIP" OF LORD MIDDLETON was returning home at night with the hounds when his horse fell into a spring, the rider undermost. Both had their heads above water. The cries of the hounds attracted some labourers to the spot, but for some time the dogs would not allow the "whip" to be touched. Both man and horse, however, were eventually got out, after two hours' immersion.

ON THE FIRST TUESDAY AFTER PARLIAMENT MEETS Mr. Buxton will move the following resolutions:—"1. That this House views with regret the burning of the town of Kagosima by Admiral Kuper with deep regret." "2. That the burning of the town was not justified by the instructions issued to Colonel Neale."

AT CLIFTON, IRELAND, a lunatic almost killed his brother, and would have injured his father had he not escaped. The police, hearing of the occurrence, went to arrest the lunatic. The father, on their approach, induced his son to mount a horse with him, with the object of escaping. The lunatic knocked his father off the animal and rode full gallop into the sea. An officer followed him, and, after a severe struggle, brought him to the shore.

THE PROJECT OF MARRIAGE between the Count of Flanders and a Brazilian Princess is understood to have fallen through, in consequence of the Count's disinclination to exchange his pleasant bachelor existence in Europe for a residence in the Brazil, with the prospect of hereafter finding himself the consort of an Empress.

THE CUNARD COMPANY have just completed a contract with Messrs. J. and J. Thomson, of Glasgow, for three additional steamers, besides one they had previously ordered, thus making four new steamers to be added to their already extensive fleet. The names of the new vessels referred to are to be the *Cuba*, *Java*, *Aleppo*, and *Zarifa*, all which are to be large iron-built, full-powered screw-steamers.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

A LONG time ago I announced to your readers that negotiations were going on between the Austrian Government and certain English notabilities on the subject of the establishment of an Austrian bank. The English notabilities were Lord Fernoy, the member for Marylebone; Mr. Orrell Lever, the member for Galway, whom we know so well; and Mr. Roebuck. The medium of communication between the Austrian Government and these English gentlemen was, as then stated, Baron Thierry. Well, after much running to and fro and a good deal of protracted negotiation, it was announced, at the beginning of September last, that the necessary "concession" had been granted; and then there came before the public a prospectus of the banking company. The title of the bank was to be "The Imperial Royal Privileged Union Bank of Austria," and the proprietors set forth in glowing colours the privileges which had been granted to the company, the business which it would be sure to get, and the profits which it would inevitably realise; and, as the English direction was strong—including Lord Fernoy, M.P.; James Caird, M.P.; Hugh Childers, M.P.; William Scholfield, M.P.; Ross Donnelly Mangles, late M.P., &c.—the thing took. Applications for shares poured in freely. Shares went to a premium before they were allotted, and all for a time went on merry as marriage bells. But suddenly there came a check; for, lo! another Bank of Austria appears in the field, intitled "The Anglo-Austrian Bank," to be also founded "under a concession from his Imperial Majesty of Austria." At first the public was at a loss to know what this could mean; and an angry discussion between the promoters of the two schemes got into the papers—with which discussion, however, I need not further meddle. At last the ferment quieted itself, and the public came to the conclusion that there were to be really two privileged Banks of Austria, and that there was room for two. Why not? Austria is a large empire; her trade is increasing. It is clear that, as private banks have been hitherto unknown in Austria, there must be room for two, or even more. But why does not "the Imperial Royal Privileged Bank" announce a "settlement" and proceed to business? the shareholders asked, about the beginning of November, after the bank had been announced two months and the shares had been allotted? The Anglo—which came out long after the Imperial—has "settled" and started? To this question there was for a time no answer; but this week the answer has come in the shape of a circular to the shareholders, announcing that, in consequence of unforeseen difficulties, the directors had determined to wind up the business and return to the shareholders their deposits in full. Here ends, then, this famous scheme, which has during the last twelve months been the subject of a good deal of talk and not a little scandal. On the causes of this sudden break-up let the *Daily News* speak: I merely premise that I believe the following statement is to the very letter correct:—

The affairs of the Union Bank have taken an extraordinary turn, the five Austrian directors having resigned, because they were unwilling to take upon themselves the responsibility for the engagements entered into by Lord Fernoy, Mr. O'Beirn, Baron Thierry, and Mr. Lever. Lord Fernoy and Mr. O'Beirn had agreed to pay to Baron Thierry and Mr. Lever, four weeks after the issue of shares, £20,000 for the concession and £10,000 for preliminary expenses, half in cash and half in shares. At a later period it was agreed that Lord Fernoy and Mr. O'Beirn should take upon themselves personally the settling of all expenses. When it was proposed to some Austrian gentlemen to join in the undertaking, the desire to introduce English capital into the country induced them to aid in the establishment of such an institution; but they refused to give their consent to the engagement above alluded to before a general meeting of shareholders should have decided the question, as Government had stipulated that any payment claimed by the concessionaires should be made subject to the consent of a general meeting. The Austrian members consequently required that either Baron Thierry should declare that he was willing to submit his claims to the decision of the shareholders, or that the English members should take upon themselves the responsibility. As neither Baron Thierry nor Lord Fernoy would agree to this demand, and, as the English members persisted in throwing the responsibility of a transaction of their own upon the Vienna board of directors, the latter resigned at once.

On this statement you must allow me to say a word or two. First, please to note that Mr. Roebuck does not appear in connection with the bank. It is right, in justice to Mr. Roebuck, to point out this fact specially. Again, Lord Fernoy, it seems, was to have nothing for his services. Let his Lordship's Marylebone constituents note this fact. And, lastly, be it known that the directors have honourably paid back to the shareholders every farthing of the deposits, charging nothing for expenses. True, they have had, or

ought to have had, at least £150,000 in their hands for several weeks; but the interest on that would scarcely defray the costs incurred.

Now I am on this subject, I may as well inform you that the private bill campaign for next Session is opening merrily, notwithstanding the tightness of the money market. If, however, money is at seven per cent, many of the new schemes for railroads, &c., will doubtless die prematurely. I hear, however, that there will certainly be another bridge over the Thames. The South-Eastern Company want a station west, and mean, if Parliament permits, as doubtless it will, to bring its line into Lambeth, and cross the river somewhere above that intensely ugly thing called Lambeth Suspension Bridge.

King James I. wrote a pamphlet, entitled, "A Counterblast to Tobacco." He had a great antipathy to tobacco, which, introduced into the kingdom in the reign of Elizabeth by Sir Walter Raleigh, had got to be very commonly smoked in King James's time. What effect the King's book had we have no means of judging; but we may be sure that no one dared thenceforth to smoke in the King's palaces. Our good Queen, it seems, has been annoyed by the fumes of tobacco; and she, too, has issued "a counterblast." This has, however, assumed the mild form of a notice, posted in all the apartments—no, not a notice, but a command—that henceforth no one shall smoke in the palace. It is said that the command is intentionally comprehensive, and that obedience to it will be exacted from the Prince himself, who is well known to be far too earnest a devotee of the weed. This command will also be a heavy blow to certain high State functionaries. To one especially it will involve a serious privation, for he has been accustomed to smoke like a hime-kila. From early morn to dewy eve, and long after, he is seldom without a cigar in his mouth, or a pipe; and he carries with him an odour that no perfume of patchouli or even musk can conceal.

Here is a good story from Paris. In a play which was lately performed there is the following colloquy:—A. "You and I have been cool to each other lately. Let us now talk over the matter diplomatically, hold a sort of congress, and then enter into a treaty." B. "No, we can't do that yet; we must fight first." This wit was supposed to be aimed at the Imperial proposition for a congress, and the play has been stopped by order; which I wonder at, for, surely, the joke, though good, is harmless enough.

Poor Alderman Rose will remember the year 1862-3 as long as he lives, for it has been a year of serious disappointments to him. He entered Parliament with great expectations, and whenever he rose to address the House he got laughed at. He meant to do great things when the Prince was married, achieve renown, if not "in the song of bards," in the City chronicles, and get a baronetcy for his substantial reward. He succeeded in endangering the Royal personages, imperilling the privileges of the City, and, when the baronetcy did not come, and he, not in very good taste, asked for it, he got a cold refusal. It appears to me to be marvellous that he could hope for this distinction, and still more wonderful that he could ask for it.

Lord Chesham is dead, and, as the Hon. William George Cavendish succeeds to the title, there is a vacancy for Buckinghamshire. Will the Tories seriously try for this seat? If they do, Disraeli may anticipate a fight at the next general election, which is a consideration that will possibly have weight in the council-chamber in Victoria-street. Lord Chesham was in the House of Commons until 1857, when he was called to the House of Lords. He was the youngest son of the first Earl of Burlington.

The law-suit between Colonel Brownlow Knox and Mr. Gye reveals the mysteries of opera management and the manner in which the ways and means for carrying on the great lyric establishment in Covent-garden are found. When Mr. Delafield, the brewer, was squeezed dry, Colonel Knox, member for Marlow, and a kindly-hearted gentleman, with more money than wit, came forward with his purse to help Mr. Gye, and Sir William De Bathe behaved in a similar friendly spirit. The Baronet seems to have lost his money with characteristic Irish carelessness, and to have made no stir to get it back; but not so the Colonel, who, having quarrelled with Mr. Gye, now demands a formal dissolution of partnership and a settlement of the partnership accounts. The letters read at the trial are interesting to us plebeians, as showing the terms existing between aristocrats of the Household Brigade, senators of St. Stephen's, and the managers of opera-houses. Mr. Gye is Colonel Knox's "dear Fred," and Colonel Knox is Mr. Gye's "dear Brownlow." Humorous allusion is made to "Whistle," who is Mr. Thistlethwaite, a young gentleman who had a very rapid career in London, and died in the Crimea. Mr. Gye, the great impresario of Covent Garden, is the same gentleman who started in life as the manager of Vauxhall Gardens, of whom Ingoldsby, in his account of the monster balloon, wrote:—

Here's Mr. Gye! Mr. Frederick Gye!

In Paris, says he, I've been up very high! &c.

and it is to be feared that contact with the upper and ignorant classes has had a bad effect on Mr. Gye's grammar. I quote a delicious bit from one of his letters:—

I have all along felt deeply your most kind and generous conduct towards me with regard to the undertaking of the theatre. Such kindness has made the deeper impression on me for the reason I never before was in the situation to require such assistance, and to have then found it at a moment when I did require it, and offered with such total disinterestedness, causes me to feel tenfold grateful.

The Queen has intimated to Mr. Frith, R.A. (who is now at Windsor receiving sittings from her Majesty, the Crown Princess and Prince of Prussia, and the younger members of the Royal family for his picture of the Prince of Wales's marriage) her desire to inspect the large painting of "The Railway Station," which, as it was exhibited since her retirement from public life, she has never yet seen. Mr. Graves, the owner of the picture, will consequently make arrangements for having it sent to Windsor, where Mr. Frith will have the pleasure of showing it to the Queen.

With the new year alterations will take place in several of the magazines. Both the *Cornhill* and *Temple Bar* start with new type and improved paper. In the former Mr. Thackeray commences a new novel, which, it is said, will relate to a very early period of English history, and where we shall probably find Saxon Dobbins and Norman Steynes behaving exactly like their already familiar descendants. In *Temple Bar* Miss Braddon starts with a new story, called "The Doctor's Wife," and Mr. G. A. Sala with a series of essays, called "The Streets of the World." *London Society* will commence a new novel by the author of "The Morals of May Fair," a series of papers on "The Merchant Princes of England," a series of articles on "German Society, Considered from a Social, Literary, and Artistic Point of View," by Dr. Kinkel; and a course of desultory essays on "Picturesque London."

Mr. Tennyson contributes some examples of versification in classic metres to the next number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, I hear.

Mr. Charles Reade's novel "Hard Cash" (why is the "Very" omitted?) has been purchased by Messrs. Sampson Low, and will be published in three volumes on the 16th of next month.

Why are not the Aldershot amateur theatricals to be renewed this winter? Some twenty-six performances were given last year, to the intense satisfaction of both officers and men. On the soldiers' nights the house was invariably crowded, and upon every occasion not only was order preserved without difficulty, but the attendances at the gin-palace and dancing-saloon were sensibly diminished. This being the case, let me ask if the alleged misdeeds of Colonel Crawley should be permitted to interfere with the rational amusements of the camp. The club building in which these theatrical performances were held was built by Parliamentary grant, on the express condition that it should be applied to benefit the soldier; and it seems scarcely just that the pending court-martial should deprive him of his own. So it is, however; for I learn that the projectors of the theatricals have been informed that they cannot have the club-house, and that all their carefully-matured plans have in consequence fallen to the ground. The absurd injustice of this is increased by the fact of there being an unused messroom in the permanent barracks, which, both from situation and accessories, is eminently fitted for the purposes of the Court. Does it not seem as if the selfish blundering, which hangs like an ill-omened cloud

over the case in question, were to be consistently extended? And can you wonder that both the amateurs who are wishful to play, and the thousands who want to be amused, should be indignant at this unnecessary interference with their pleasures?

The new Public Schools Club is, I hear, in full working order, and its prescribed number of members (five hundred) being rapidly filled up. Furnished bedrooms attached to the establishment, and to be rented by members at a guinea a week, seem to be the most novel feature connected with it. Club chambers hitherto have, with few exceptions, been unfurnished, and only to be taken by the year; but this plan of inviting members from the country to make their club their home during their periodical sojourn in town cannot fail to be popular, especially when, as is the case with this particular club, the facility is offered to a somewhat scattered constituency. An amusing clause in the rules prohibits the bedroom renters from appearing in the club in either dressing-gown or slippers, and from keeping their chambers unoccupied for more than a prescribed number of days. As is only natural, the clerical element is largely represented in the list of members; and, as it is well known that both the Oxford and Cambridge and the United University are full to overflowing, this new club promises to be a convenient resource to a large class who are eligible for election at either of the two mentioned, but who would be unable to gain admission until years after their names had been put down. Like most projects of the kind lately started, the Public Schools Club is managed on the proprietary principle, and each member's responsibility ends with the amount of his annual subscription.

Have you heard of Lord Brougham recently saying to a member of the National Shakespeare Committee that he regarded Shakespeare as a vastly overrated man, and that his esteem for the poet was by no means high? Pray don't accept this extraordinary bit of gossip on my authority solely. It is incidentally mentioned in a review in the current number of the *Athenæum*, and, as the editor of that journal—Mr. Hepworth Dixon—is one of the honorary secretaries to the Shakespeare Committee (as distinguished from a Shakespeare committee of which Mr. Adolphus Francis is, or was, the guiding star), you may safely believe that Lord Brougham has really uttered this remarkable sentiment. When Wordsworth once spoke slightly of our great dramatist, and said he thought he himself could write in the style of Shakespeare "if he had a mind," Charles Lamb's stammering commentary was, "So, you s-see, it's only the m-m-mind that's wanting!" But what are we to say to the veteran Edinburgh reviewer for his heresy? Even Lord Frederick Verisopht allowed Shakespeare to be "a very clayver man;" and it certainly reads like a satire that the shrewd, keen-witted Henry Brougham should think him an overrated one.

The Rev. Richard Hibbs, who came into collision with the police for vociferating strong doctrines outside the Athenæum Club, is not, I am pleased to learn, altogether lost to the London public. Passers by New Palace-yard will find that eloquent Boanerges perspiring, gesticulating, voluble, and red, every Sunday afternoon. Untroubled by the conventionalities of the pulpit, and having lost the elderly clubites, against whose Sabbath-breaking it was his custom to fulminate, Mr. Hibbs occasionally interpolates into his discourse palpable allusions to such wayfarers as are not tempted to join his congregation. The tenour of these interpolations I decline to write, but you will readily conceive that language may be perfectly scriptural and yet so ill-timed as to provoke anything rather than reverence. The policeman on duty in the vicinity of the house would do well to see that the eloquence of this wandering minister never degenerates into personal abuse.

Professor Hind, of Toronto, has just published some curious details concerning the nyctalopia, or night-blindness, prevalent among the Montagnais and Nasquape Indians. The sufferers from this affliction can see perfectly as long as the sun is up, but become nearly or wholly sightless from sunset until dawn. No artificial light is of the least service to them, and nothing under a flash of lightning enables them to see. I have heard it charitably suggested that the policemen on duty at certain notorious London thoroughfares must be also victims to this painful disease.

People behind the scenes are laughing comically at that portion of the Bluebook on naval pay and retirement which details the evidence of Rear-Admiral G. Elliott, when being questioned by Mr. Walpole. The latter gentleman, of course, derived no small pleasure, in a quiet way, from exposing what he considers the nepotism of the Whigs; and when he asked whether the Admirals who have risen fast did not seem, by their names, to be in a great degree connected with rank or influence, I am assured by those present that the dry way in which the obvious truth was propounded added considerably to its sarcasm. Admiral Elliott having admitted the fact with charming frankness, his questioner follows up with this home thrust:—"Apart from your own particular case" (pray mark the irony of this) "that would be a selection of capries rather than a selection of merit, would it not?" "Entirely so," is the calm reply. One would imagine that Mr. Walpole would rest here, with the conviction that he had proved his case; but, as if irritated by the excessive sangfroid of the witness, he next remarks:—"I think, with the exception of the Hon. Admiral Grey, you are the most fortunate officer in the Navy?" when the imperturbable Elliott (who has been called a "Scotch Grey" all his life, with ample reason), rejoined with an unreported but jovial laugh, "I should think that probably was the case." Does not this little "spar" strike you as excessively funny? The gentle probbings of Mr. Walpole, the polite periphrasis in which a strong innuendo was couched, and the sturdy stomach of the respondent, who not only avowed his capacity for loaves and fishes, but the true cause of their being so showered upon him, combine to make this portion of the Bluebook a humorous commentary upon the system which the Committee were appointed to inquire into and amend.

Few things have surprised me more than the intelligence that the new spiritualist book, "From Matter to Spirit," is by Mrs. De Morgan, and that its elaborate preface is from the pen of her husband, the well-known writer on the Theory of Probabilities, Formal Logic, and the Differential Calculus. Professor De Morgan's name has hitherto been a guarantee for sound judgment and close reasoning. When, therefore, he declares himself "perfectly convinced that he has both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake," he tenders the strongest and most trustworthy testimony spiritualism has yet had adduced in its favour. Why won't these firm believers give those who are yet in darkness an opportunity of sharing their faith? I have tried very hard to test the matter for myself; have paid money to an ill-favoured crouner in Red Lion-street; have heard rappings and seen tables move; but, in the whole of my experience, I have seen nothing so wonderful as the tricks performed by any clever conjuror. If spiritualism is as great a fact as its professors assert, surely it can stand examination; and to give as a reason for failure the scepticism of the bystanders is like declining to provide dinner because the guests are hungry. I have more than once offered to be present at private houses where manifestations are said to take place, and have been met with platitudes about its being useless to attempt anything when a confirmed sceptic is by. Until spiritualism asserts itself boldly, and before discriminating but not prejudging audiences, plain people must be excused if, in spite of vouchers from third persons, they attribute its alleged wonders to charlatanism on the one hand and credulity on the other.

Colonel Wortley, a well-known amateur photographer, has been lecturing on the art with needless severity. Those who take snapshots professionally are strongly condemned as mere soulless machinists, who have neither knowledge of the art nor feeling for the beautiful, and who are, in many cases, utterly ignorant of the optical qualities of lenses. Rather sweeping, this! However, I make little doubt that the successful professional photographers will survive Colonel Wortley's strictures, for there are few callings in the present day wherein vast sums are so speedily realised. Take the case of Mr. Mayall, who is bound to provide some forty thousand retail shopkeepers with at least twelve copies each of every Royal portrait he takes, and you will readily understand how profitable

each sitting must be, and how lightly Colonel Wortley's fault-finding will fall.

I have just received a letter from Chicago, which gives a wonderful account of the progressive prosperity of that State. My correspondent assures me that the war has not only had no effect in diminishing immigration, but that up to this date there have actually been more German, Swedish, and Norwegian arrivals than at the corresponding period of any preceding year. In support of his assertion as to the material prosperity of his country he has forwarded me the report of the Committee of Statistics, submitted to the National Convention assembled at Chicago on the 2nd of last June. Thus I have before me a tolerably recent official document, showing, in a tabulated form, the increase of population and the increase of the number of acres of improved land for the last sixty years in the nine States north-west of the Ohio river. In round numbers, the population of this territory has risen from 50,000 to 9,000,000, and the area of square miles of cultivated land from 525,000 to 52,000,000. I spare you the figures of the different products of the State, its shipments, receipts, and imports. It is sufficient to say that they are all on the same scale of progress, and that this committee are strongly in favour of uniting the waters of the Mississippi with those of the Atlantic by a ship canal, such canal to be commenced forthwith. This gigantic scheme is advocated in the report before me both on commercial and military grounds. The convention is reminded that a year ago England "began to throw troops and munitions of war into the principal strategic points; that an extended system of fortifications was projected, the local militia enrolled and equipped, the whole placed under the command of one of the heroes of the Crimean War; and that the aristocratic organ of the nation, the *London Times*, declared that, with the opening of the navigation of the St. Lawrence, England would throw into the lakes such a fleet of gun-boats as would give her the command of those waters." There is also some "tall talk" to the effect that there "are yet irritating questions which may require to be settled by the arbitrament of war." After naming and condemning certain other schemes promulgated by a naval committee, the authors of the report maintain that the cheapest and most effectual method of defence against English aggression would be the opening such a line of internal communication that gun-boats may be readily passed from one system of navigation to another, and be made available for defence (which I may mention is consistently spelt "defense" throughout the report) alike in the harbours of the Atlantic, on the lakes, and on the navigable portions of the Mississippi. And lest some cautious spirits should object that a time of war is scarcely the one wherein to incur a vast additional national outlay, the example of the Netherlands, "in her terrible but successful struggle for nationality," is quoted with unconscious irony, as conveying "a salutary lesson" to the North. Costly and magnificent havens and docks, the Northerners are reminded, were constructed therein, when the war expenses were at their highest; and it was also "in the midst of a desolating war that Louis XIV. completed the canal at Languedoc, connecting the Mediterranean with the Atlantic." You will perceive by these extracts from an American blue-book that historical quotation is freely brought to bear upon national vanity, and that mistrust of England can apparently no more be concealed than the head of King Charles could be kept out of Mr. Dick's memorial. The war with the South is officially spoken of as the "Great Rebellion," and the fact of the national resources being already taxed to so terrible an extent is actually quoted as "the strongest reason" for extra "appropriations for the objects of internal commerce." This document certainly gives one a curious insight into the tone of thought as well as the almost boundless resources of the busy, pushing, striving people for whom it was written, and to whose instincts it appeals.

THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

Mr. Westland Marston's new play of "Pure Gold," now acting a SADLER'S WELLS, would, probably, have sought admission in vain at any other theatre. Not that it is anything like so dreary or so uninteresting as most of its author's productions, but still it has that un-nameable something which has prevented Mr. Westland Marston from becoming popular, or from being able to get upon the stage the results of his earnest industry and classical writing. A high-souled artist, wrongfully accused of murder, and having, under an assumed name, to watch over his child and guard her against the machinations of a villain who is wooing her, having to tell his own story in the third person, and finally to reveal himself, is not a new creation. The opening portion of the character has done much service, and Mr. Sheridan Knowles has treated the concluding phase in a masterly manner. Still, Mr. Marston has told his story with infinitely more than his usual ingenuity, and has conscientiously eschewed claptrap and sensational incidents for the sake of honest construction and workmanlike art. He has been rewarded by a thorough success. The play is exactly of the Sadler's Wells calibre, and it is nightly received with delight. In the principal parts it is very well acted. Mr. Henry Marston throws immense pathos into the belied father, and makes even the singular inflections of his voice of use to him; Miss Marriott plays with force and feeling; and Mr. Edmund Phelps seems gradually losing his stickiness.

In "Sikken Fotters," the new comedy at the HAYMARKET, Mr. Leicester Buckingham has shown great skill in steering clear of the immorality of the original French play which he has adapted, the tone of which would have certainly been fatal to its success before an English audience. A married lady in love with a musician, and not only working for his advancement but making her unconscious husband aid in the scheme, would be justly reprobated by the virtuous Haymarket patrons; but when the married lady, imagining her absent husband to be dead, marries the young man, the immorality is removed and the plot complicated. It is doubtful, however, whether Mr. Buckingham's undoubted talents might not have been better employed. The audience still seem uneasy about the morale of the play they are witnessing; and, had it not been admirably acted, the success would have been more than questionable. As it is, the weight lies on Mrs. Charles Mathews, who has made a very great stride in her profession, and who by her acting in this part has astonished both all who had seen her and all to whom she was a stranger, and Mr. Charles Mathews, who has a character, originally played by M. Regnier, which fits our versatile comedian exactly.

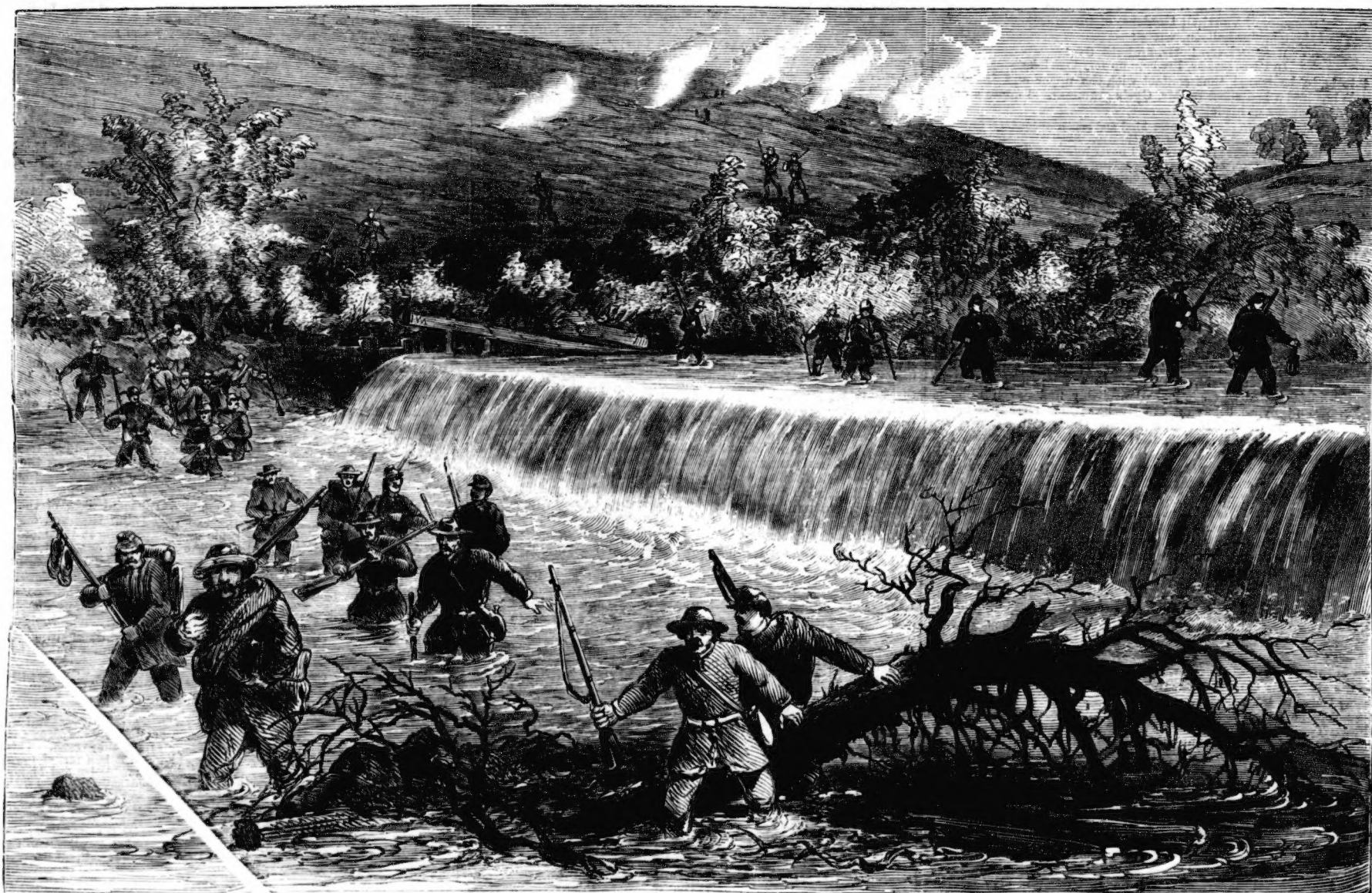
"There is nothing so successful as success." After having fixed Lord Dundreary firmly in the affections of English and Scotch audiences, Mr. Sothorn has crossed the Channel, and is now the idol of the dramatic habitués of Dublin. It must be great fun for Irishmen to hear an Englishman make "bull's" for two consecutive hours, and that Englishman a supposed Peer of the realm. The happy knack of saying the very thing that you did not mean to express, and at the same time expressing it the more forcibly, has long been supposed to be the exclusive property of the genuine Hibernian. Lord Dundreary will convince the Dublin folk that in the art of "botheration" a half-imbecile English nobleman can equal, if not excel, a half-witted Irish peasant. "Extremes meet," and frequently come into collision, a fact of which no doubt the artful author of the proverb was fully conscious when he framed it. Except Lord Carlisle, Dundreary is now the most popular English Peer "from the Liffey to the Shannon, or from Dublin to the Devil's Glen."

Mr. E. T. Smith has become the lessee of Astley's, which he will open at Christmas.

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION TO THE HOLY LAND.—A scientific expedition, headed by the Rev. H. B. Tristram, has proceeded to Syria for the purpose of investigating the geology, zoology, and botany of the Holy Land. This region has been little explored by naturalists, to whom it is a sort of *terra incognita*, and promises therefore to afford a very productive and highly interesting field of observation. The expedition is abundantly furnished with every requisite for the objects it has in view, in the way of scientific instruments, traps for catching the smaller mammals and reptiles, nets for fishing in the Jordan, &c., and includes on its staff a skilled taxidermist from the Zoological Society. A photographer also accompanies the expedition, the results of whose exertions will doubtless afford a valuable adjunct to the labours of the party, which, if the state of the country permit, are intended to extend over a period of six or eight months.



SIoux INDIANS ATTACKING A FEDERAL FORAGE-TRAIN.-(FROM A SKETCH BY G. ELLESBURY.)-SEE PAGE 332.



THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.—FE. ~~SEVERAL~~ STRAGGLERS CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK AFTER THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BRIDGE.—(FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.)—SEE PAGE 332.



DR. STANLEY, THE NEW DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HILLS AND SAUNDERS.)



DR. F. C. TRENCH, THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. HERING.)

THE NEW CHURCH DIGNITARIES.

DR. TRENCH, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

THIS eminent poet, scholar, and divine was born on the 9th of September, 1807, so that he is in his fifty-seventh year. He is the second son of Mr. Richard Trench, of Botley, Hants, Barrister-at-Law, by Melesina Chenevix, relict of Colonel St. George and daughter of the Rev. Philip Chenevix (son and heir of Richard Chenevix, Archbishop of Waterford, 1741-9), a lady whose interesting journal, edited by her son, was published a year or more ago, and was one

of the most valuable books of the season. The family is a Galway one. Frederic Trench settled in that county 150 years ago, and his descendant, Frederic of Woodlawn, M.P. for Portarlinton, created Lord Ashtown in 1800, was Mr. Richard Trench's elder brother. The present Lord Ashtown is first cousin as well as brother-in-law to the new Archbishop, who is also connected with the Whites of Woodlands, Lord Bloomfield, Lord Drogheda, and other Irish families, besides having considerable landed property in Ireland himself, bequeathed to him by his father.

Archbishop Trench was educated at Harrow School, and Trinity

College, Cambridge, graduating in 1829. After being for a short time Incumbent of Curdridge, Hants, he became Curate to the present Bishop of Oxford, at Alverstoke, in the same county, in 1841, from which period may be dated his literary reputation and professional advancement. The Bishop and his quondam Curate have always been on terms of the greatest intimacy, and no one can have heard the latter preach without recognising the manner of the master. When the Bishop of Oxford became Dean of Westminster, Lord Ashburton presented Mr. Trench to the rectory of Itchin-Stoke, near Winchester. In this position, outside his



THE CAR OF THE GIANT BALLOON ON ITS ARRIVAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—SEE PAGE 333.

parish, which is a model of neatness and beauty, moral as well as natural, there was little for Mr. Trench's activity to work upon, for the theological atmosphere of Winchester was not to his taste, and he took very little pains to conceal the fact. In 1845-6 he was Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge, and in 1847 he accepted the divinity professorship in King's College, London, an office which at once brought him into the best London society, as he had by that time become widely known as a poet and a writer. In 1855-6 it was supposed that he would have had the bishopric of Gloucester; but some hitch occurred, and, by way of compensation, the deanery of Westminster was conferred upon him. Here he has been chiefly known for his establishment of the Sunday-evening services, and for his readiness to preach and lecture anywhere in London for good objects. His management of Westminster School has not been successful; but his heart was in his study, and he left the business of the abbey and its estates to Lord John Thynne and Dr. Cureton. It must be said, however, that Dr. Trench, who advocated the removal of the school into the country and the abolition of the time-honoured play, had the manliness and candour to bow to the expressed wish of the old Westminster's committee, and to announce his intention of doing his best for the improvement of the school, while retaining its customs.

It need hardly be added that Dr. Trench is known as an author wherever the English language is spoken. As a poet his "Sabatation," "Honor Neale," and, especially, his "Justin Martyr" and "Genoveva," have long ago entitled him to a similar rank among poets to that occupied by his friend, Lord Houghton (Mr. Monckton Milnes). As a divine, his "Notes on the Parables," "On the Miracles," "On the Sermon on the Mount," &c., have passed through several editions, and are standard theological works among the clergy and candidates for ordination. As a philologist, his "Study of Words" is, perhaps, his most popular book; but literary men know that he is one of the projectors of a new English dictionary, the design of which he introduced to the world with his essay "On the Deficiencies of our English Dictionaries."

In his views the new Archbishop is High Church—as the Bishop of Oxford is High Church, with large sympathies for all sections within the Church, and without the slightest particle of intolerance or fanaticism in his composition.

Dr. Trench married, in 1832, the Hon. Frances Mary, sister of the present Lord Ashdown and daughter of Mr. Frederic Trench, brother of the first Peer, by whom he has had a very large family.

DR. STANLEY, DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

The Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., the new Dean of Westminster, is the son of the late Edward Stanley, D.D., Bishop of Norwich, and was born about 1815. He was educated, under Dr. Arnold, at Rugby, and commenced a distinguished career at Oxford, by obtaining a scholarship at Balliol College, and shortly after the Newdigate prize for his English poem, "The Gipsies." After gaining the Ireland scholarship, he took a first class in classics in 1837, the Latin Essay prize in 1839, the English Essay and Theological prizes in 1840, when he was a Fellow of University College. He was for many years Tutor of his College and Examiner, was Select Speaker, 1845-6; Secretary of the Oxford University Commission (which his efforts as the leading Liberal Reformer in Oxford had mainly contributed to bring about); Canon of Canterbury from 1851 to 1858; has been Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church, since 1858; and is Chaplain to the Prince of Wales (whom he accompanied in his tour to the Holy Land) and to the Bishop of London. Dr. Stanley first became known to the literary world by his "Life of Dr. Arnold" (1844). His two most popular works after this were "Historical Memoirs of Canterbury" (1854), and "Sinai and Palestine" (1855). He is also author of "Sermons on the Apostolical Age" (1846), "Memoir of Bishop Stanley" (1850), "The Epistles to the Corinthians" (2 vols., 1854), "Sermons on the Unity of Evangelical and Apostolical Teaching" (1859), besides various articles in Reviews and Magazines, and many papers in Smith's "Dictionary of Classical Biography," "Dictionary of the Bible," and in the "Transactions of the Archaeological Institute."

It is said that Dr. Stanley is about to be married to Lady Augusta Bruce, sister of the Earl of Elgin.

THE SHIP AUSTRAL, which left the Thames only a few days ago for Australia, sustained such injuries in a gale that she was abandoned by the crew, who were picked up by a French vessel. The ship and cargo are said to be insured for £60,000.

AN ATROCIOUS CASE OF PIRACY was lately practised, in Chinese waters, on a British vessel, the Parana, which had sailed a short time before for Europe. The captain took shelter in a secluded bay from a gale of wind, when he was surrounded and boarded by swarms of pirates. The crew were barbarously murdered, and the ship plundered and set on fire. Vengeance, however, speedily overtook the perpetrators.

THE SUPPLY OF BUTCHER'S MEAT IN FRANCE.—The exorbitant price to which butcher's meat has risen in Paris has induced speculators to direct their attention to the subject. France exports cattle in large numbers from Brittany and Normandy, and receives others from the Rhénish provinces, Switzerland, Italy, and Spain; but the supply is not equal to the demand. Agents have been sent to Hungary, which is now connected with France by railway, to judge of its resources. Other speculators more venturesome have traversed the Danubian provinces, Wallachia, Moldavia, Servia, and Bulgaria. Everywhere they found herds of oxen and flocks of sheep in a half wild state grazing on the pasture lands in Turkey in Europe. The hogs of Servia particularly attracted their attention, and they returned with the conviction that the Servian breed of pigs is destined to render immense service to French pork butchers. Servia is well known for her oak and beech forests, in which the pigs are fed until the age of eighteen or twenty months. They are then housed and fattened with Indian corn. The meat of these animals is esteemed for its firmness and excellent flavour. A pork butcher of Lyons has already established himself at Belgrade, whence he dispatches pork prepared in various forms, which finds a ready sale in France. Other French speculators have imported several droves of Servian pigs into Alsace, and the speculation has been highly remunerative.

RAILWAYS IN NEW ZEALAND.—The ship Mary Francis, now being dispatched from the Clyde, carries with her, on the outward voyage to Southland, a shipment which is of some significance as illustrating the rapid commercial prosperity of New Zealand. The advancement of the system of agriculture has been especially marked in the province of Southland, where already the steam-plough is used in turning up the soil, and, as a result of well-directed enterprise, the land is yielding remunerative crops to the colonists. With a view to the further commercial development of the country, a line of railway is being formed from Bluff Harbour to Invercargill, a distance of about twenty miles, and it is proposed to extend the line from Invercargill to a point some forty or fifty miles inland, through the plains, and in the direction of the gold fields. A number of railway carriages have been sent out from London, and the Mary Francis carries 200 tons of the railway iron. In addition to this, she has several of the finest specimens of live stock which could be bought in England and Scotland. The construction of the railway from Bluff Harbour is not the only evidence of a growing energy in seeking to promote the interests of commerce in the colony. Two quays or jetties are being formed—one at Invercargill and the other at the Bluff, the cost of which will amount to about £40,000. Bluff Harbour is believed to be the best in the colony of New Zealand, having a depth of water sufficient to receive the largest ocean steamers.

RUSSIAN PROCEEDINGS IN THE BLACK SEA.—The proceedings of Russia in her Black Sea ports and dockyards have lately attracted a great deal of attention, and few persons will be found to doubt that the naval constructions and armaments already made and still making constitute a transgression of the stipulations of the Paris Treaty of 1856. We hear also of fortifications in contravention of that Treaty, and of a note concerning them recently addressed by the Porte to the contracting Powers; but the building of war-vessels appears the most important measure, and the one that excites most comment. In fact, Russia scarcely seems to conceal or deny it, but declares it to be merely a defensive step, rendered necessary by the assistance given from without to the increasing insurrection in Circassia. A letter in the *Berlin Review*, dated St. Petersburg, Oct. 24, adds another motive. "It is quite true," says the writer, "that our Government is having iron-clad vessels built in the Black Sea, and nothing is more natural than our wish to see ourselves liberated from the galling fetters of the Paris Treaty. The Porte is not to be blamed if she be uneasy about it, but that will help her nothing." From another quarter we hear that Russia has actually 12 war-steamers employed in the blockade of the Circassian coast, although the Russo-Turkish convention annexed to the Treaty of 1856, and having, according to Art. 14 of that Treaty, the same force and value as if it were an integral part of the same, says that the high contracting parties mutually bind themselves to have in the Black Sea no other vessels of war than six steamers of a maximum of 800 tons, and four light vessels (steam or sailing) not exceeding 200 tons each. Nobody believes that these stipulations have been observed by Russia.

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE LONG RECKONING.

(Continued from page 315.)

CHAPTER X.

"Good-morning, Mr. Strensal! You will be glad to hear poor Beltane is nearly right again."

Strensal was glad to hear it, and the conversation was all about Lord Beltane till the servants had taken the covers off the dishes and disappeared.

"Ormesdale said he would get to see you last night. All right! I suppose he told you all about it. But it saves time for me to hear what you have to say myself. Direct communications are the life and soul of business. What do you say?"

Lord Girandole dexterously decapitated an egg, and paused for a reply.

"I am very highly flattered, and grateful for your good opinion and Lord Ormesdale's, but I cannot."

"Think well before you say no to a good offer; for it is a good offer, though I make it."

"I am fully sensible of the goodness of the offer; but I have thought well. And, at the risk of seeming abrupt, I say at once that I must decline it. I have no business to trouble you with an uninteresting discussion of my motives. It would be trifling with your time to appear modestly open to conviction that I might be of use to your Government when I have made up my mind."

"My dear boy, if you will allow me to call you so—and you are man enough materially not to mind being called so in a Parliamentary sense—I like a plain answer. But I was prepared to hear you say exactly what you have said. I was prepared to find you full of scruples. That is why I troubled you to come to breakfast so early. I could have taken your refusal through Ormesdale. I don't want your refusal; I want you. Therefore I speak to you myself. Ormesdale is a very able, high-minded man, for whose opinion I have the greatest value. He deals with principles, but I deal with men and things. I am going to speak to you without reserve, for I have only this half hour to convince you that it is practically your duty as well as your interest to join us, and to show you why it is my duty and interest to ask you. I believe you are a man to whom it is safe to speak plainly. There are many ways of classifying men; but my favourite scale is measured according to the degrees of candour different men are capable of bearing. Men bear truth in proportion as they are true men. To be a true man you must be able to lay hold of truth and turn it round in your hands, and show it to different people in the different lights and positions in which different men and sets of men (for men are mostly like sheep, led by some bell-wether) are able to recognise the particular phases and features of it, which they know themselves, and are, therefore, accustomed to swear by and to exaggerate the importance of. Men are divided into parties and sects by exaggerated values set upon particular features of truth, which, in their mole-eyed incapacity to see it as a whole, they worship as an idol. *Nulla falsa doctrina quæ non veri aliquid.* 'Every error is but partial truth,' as some old author has it. The broader a politician's grasp of the true elements of his country's welfare, the more free will his mind be from party bias. Help yourself to another cutlet. But England is ruled by party. There must be two sides to a game. Men are gregarious. Fools who combine beat wise men who stand aloof, or would, if wise men ever did stand aloof; therefore, wise men combine, and combination is party. Theorists sometimes say there should be no such thing. Every man should vote as he thinks. Independence should be the rule. The Crown should nominate separate heads of departments individually responsible to Parliament, separately appointed, standing and falling alone, without any collective unity! You might as well have an army without drill, uniform, or discipline—every full private to be his own General. Well, then, party there must be; and, in order to exist, each side must have a watchword. A bit of truth seen in caricature, and valued out of its true proportion by the ranks, known as a merely partial truth in itself, but used as a standard by the leaders. Of the two great formulas one is exactly as true as the other. On the one banner is written—OLD ENGLAND, and THE WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS. On the other—PROGRESS, and THE MARCH OF INTELLECT. The inscriptions seem antagonistic to the vulgar eye; but I need not tell you they mean as near as possible the same thing to the mind of the statesman. 'The gathered experience of a thousand years of progressive freedom must continue to be guarded against the scattering experimentalists of to-day.' 'The experiment of to-day becomes the experience of to-morrow, and it is only because intelligent men have continually been pushing on progress against stolid obstruction that our thousand years have gathered any wisdom at all.' The next question is, which party to choose. For if you halt and vibrate between the two, your force is expended in a vacuum."

"There I cease to go with you, unreservedly; I will not interrupt you now; but I have something to say on that point after you have done."

"You are trusted by neither side. You take no active part in the movement of the world; at best, you are a species of self-regulating ballast, always rolling your Sisyphus stone up hill to bring down the heeling vessel to its level. A man who can steer a ship and take a lunar observation ought not to pass his whole voyage down in the hold shifting sandbags. A side must be taken, and which side to take seems to me not an abstract question, but one that depends on the circumstances of the time. If the tendency be to stagnation, the liberal side is the right one; if to feverish excitement and irritable eagerness for change, why, then a conscientious man would take the Conservative line. I don't in the least wonder that in De Oliveira's time you went into opposition. But those bubbles are burst; the reflux is setting in. The country is in no danger of being hurried away by chimerical will-o'-the-wisp movements. The stars of Blazeforth and Brandish have culminated harmlessly. The fact is, we English are not a restless or a hasty people; we are not easily intoxicated with theories. We only grow light-headed when we are underfed—'Patience on a monument smiling at beef' is the emblem of Britain under normal conditions. The British Constitution is an admirable fabric; but a thousand years is a long while. Caution is our virtue, and obstinacy is our vice. There is a tremendous mass of stupidity in the British people; a useful and prudent stupidity if you will; but still the resisting element which constitutes the strength of British Conservatism is not keen appreciation of truths embodied in the constitution nor perceptive apprehension of the practical shortcomings of proposed improvements, but dull, thick-witted incapacity to see any want of improvement at all, and hating all changes as so much danger, from conscious inability to judge whether it is change for the better or the worse. Now, the leaders of either party require intellect very much of the same stamp—however blunderheaded the party may be, its champions must have skill in fence; and, in short, must be clever fellows. The natural function of intellect is to find out what is wrong, and to try to set it right. It is only now and then that the right is dangerously enough attacked to require active conservatism. Generally, existing right is strong enough to defend itself, and is sufficiently protected by the close phalanx of blockheads who maintain it, not because it is right, but because it exists. It is only at exceptional periods that really able men are genuinely in accord with their followers in officering the Conservative ranks. I am not speaking from theory, but from long experience, when I tell you that is a heart-breaking business for an able, clear-sighted man to lead the Conservative party. It is the life of a blind man's dog. He is chained in to the heavy hand of the stumbling, halting, timid, suspicious Cyclops, who neither shares his perceptions nor understands his language. He must abandon, or, at least, dissemble all his natural instincts, or he loses the confidence of the blind man, who only employs his guide, philosopher, and friend to keep him out of the gutter and to take him home to his victuals."

A Conservative leader must put a gag on his tongue and bid adieu to outspoken candour. Let him once speak as he thinks, and his wild range betrays him. His party do not understand what he is at; but they see at once that his views are not theirs, and they look upon him ever after as dangerous and unsound. In short, a Conservative leader requires to be an accomplished and persistent dissembler of his inner mind, who confines his utterance strictly within the scope of the stupider half of the House of Commons, and can put their whims and prejudices, and qualms and scruples, into a compacter compass, and beat out the modicum of truth they can perceive to gild the precious parcel more plausibly than anybody else on their side."

"There are those who say that you are the truest Conservative leader of modern times."

"Perhaps I am; but that does not matter now. You are not cut out for that sort of work; you are essentially a Liberal—moderate and reasonable, considering your political youth. Still, you are a Liberal, and of too candid a complexion to be trusted by the Conservatives. I believe you have a good head for business, and will do your official work well. That is of more importance to you than to me. It is most valuable to a young man to get the knack of office early. It is not for the official work I want you; I could find plenty of men to do that as well as you. What I want is your character and earnest stamp of conviction. It appears to me that your natural shade of politics is about the thing wanted by the country at present. We have taken the wind out of the Opposition's sails by doing their work a little better than they can do it themselves. We mean to represent the prudence and circumspection of the national mind as well as its intelligence. A steady, moderate, genuine, unexaggerated spirit of progress—substantial remedy of abuses—practical reforms in detail, without organic change—practical economy in getting money's worth out of national expenditure; these are the sort of things we shall go into when this flurry of Continental excitement leaves us leisure for a little quiet attention to domestic affairs. In this sort of work I think you would take an interest, and go at it with an energetic straightforwardness that would give a tone of freshness and reality to the lower stratum of the Government. When you are in earnest you speak with a flavour of honest conviction that is persuasive. Your joining us would be a practical indication of sympathy with our line of policy on the part of the more candid and enlightened section of the Liberal-Conservatives, and a symptom of readiness on ours to welcome congenial ability, unrecommended by political subservience or family connection. The worst cry against us in De Oliveira's time was that we were a narrow, exclusive family clique, grasping at everything, down to the smallest crumb and minnow for our kith and kin, and masking our greedy nepotism under a profusion of ultra-Liberal theory; and perhaps we still have rather too many dryish twigs from tall family trees. But I mean to use both the pruning-hook and the budding-knife. I have not much more time, and I am using more words than enough. I know the House of Commons; I know the temper of the country; I know what you are; and I know what I am about. If I did not feel convinced you could not genuinely and usefully with us I should not have thought of this, much less wasted words on it. You are not the sort of man to be of any use unless you were with us in spirit. Ormesdale, who knows you better than I do, is sure you will suit him and the place. You have virtually broken with the other side; they will not offer you anything for years. If you want to become a useful and successful man, now is your time. Against all this there is only to set the fact that you are sitting on the wrong side of the house. It is a plunge, and there is an end of the difficulty. The right thing, and the wise thing, and, above all, the expedient thing, cannot be done without facing what envy and detraction may say of it. Success and usefulness are the answer. There is nothing really discreditable in turning your coat when your convictions have worn threadbare through the tint of the top-dressing, and the inside most genuinely shows the grain and colour of the stuff your opinions are made of. There is no considerable politician who has not had to do it, sooner or later; and it is better to get it over at the beginning of your career, before the ruts grow deep and the jolt is heavier."

"I am not enough of a politician to bear the jolt, though I am not only grateful for your good opinion, but convinced of the truth and wisdom of what you have said. You persuade me most forcibly that if I were now determined to take a definitive line and adhere to a party, self-interest and patriotic ambition point to your banner. If I could bring myself *jurare in verba magistri*, there is no chief to whom I could so confidently pin my political faith and destiny as Lord Ormesdale. But I am resolved to remain *nullius addictus*. My ambition is not so strong as my love of freedom. I am content with my humble but I hope honest uses as a ballast-shifter in the hold. I am ashamed to have so long occupied the attention of the man at the wheel."

"Then it is no use saying any more. For a reasonable man I must say you are one of the most impracticable I ever had to deal with. You admit everything, and stick to your Sisyphus-stone like a limpet—by-the-way, muscles would be more in Sisyphus's line. Well, I must leave you to the *μεγαλ' αλγες* of trundling your mossless boulder. We shall be no worse friends for what has passed, and when our measures meet with your approval we shall have your *λαας αναδης* in our scale, and it ought to carry more weight than a good many ordinary-sized *ψηφοι*. At any rate, I am much obliged to you for your support the other night; and now, as you seem to have done breakfast, I must be getting to work. I am going up for a moment to see how Beltane is, and you had better come too. It will give a domestic reason for your visit. Ah! you don't see the importance of that. The fact is," continued Lord Girandole, dropping his voice to a confidential tone, "I had rather Stilton thought I asked you to breakfast by way of civility, because you took care of poor young Beltane in his fit. That he would consider quite becoming. But his *amour propre* would be hurt if he suspected I had been persuading you all breakfast-time to be Under-Secretary of the Schedule Office without success. Stilton takes life so terribly in earnest. I assure you it is not the lightest part of my duty to come up at all to Stilton's notions of what a Prime Minister owes to his dignity. However, he is a capital butler; and, considering how great and solemn a functionary he is, more indulgent to my shortcomings than might be expected of him."

The affairs of the nation did not permit Lord Girandole to do more than say a few cheery words to the invalid, and he left Strensal with him.

Beltane was propped up in bed, with a broad silver tray containing breakfast materials on the bed-clothes. He was wrapped in a caftan of richly-flowered, large-grained silk from the looms of Damascus. His pale, beautiful young face was clouded with a languid gloom of profound melancholy. He looked like some love-lorn young prince out of "The Arabian Nights," who might have been carried about in fairyland by sympathising genii overnight, waking up, in picturesque despair, to find himself divided by incalculable leagues of distance from the bright princess who dazzled his dreams in the rose and jasmine bowers of remote Candahar.

"You may take this away," he said to his valet, waving his hand wearily at the remains of tea and toast. "I will ring when I want you. It is very kind of you to come and see me, Mr. Strensal. I have only a dim recollection of what happened yesterday, but I believe I must have behaved very badly. I hope what I may have said was not very offensive. I was almost mad with despair and rage when I saw the confession of her love startled from her anxious eyes and changing cheek at the sudden emotion you showed on hearing my abrupt announcement of Lady Adela's danger. It was base in me to feel such a movement of hatred and malice against you; as if it had been treachery to me that you should have won her love. Alas! it never was mine. I dreamed of it and longed for it so fondly that I almost brought myself to believe that it was, or would be, mine. But there has been no change towards me in her. And I can see that what I blindly mistook for at least a partial return of my own intense devotion, was merely old kindness for the playfellow of her childhood. Oh, if I could have told you how I have worshipped her, the bright ideal of my soul's dearest—"

cherished imaginings, you would understand what a mortal anguish it is to see that her long-looked-for love is never, never to be mine! Forgive me, if in my frantic jealousy I snatched at the ungenerous suspicion that you were unworthy of her. It is nobler for true love, unrequited, to trust that the happiness of its object may be complete, secure, unalloyed. Give me your hand and tell me that, if you win that peerless jewel, you will shrine her in your heart as Heaven's most precious gift on earth, and make her happiness the end and aim of your existence. Then, if this unhappy heart of mine beats itself to death against the bony bars of its cage, at least there will be the comfort of a confident faith that the loved one is blest in her love while I pine in my lonely desolation."

The incredulous reader who only sees this rhapsody in print will perhaps wonder how Strensal listened to it with a grave countenance. But Beltane spoke it with the unmistakable throb of emotion in his throat and the hardly-restrained tears glistening in his eyes. Strensal, though a grave and sober member of Parliament, was also deeply in love, and to love the same woman is (to men of a nature generous enough to conquer the natural canine instinct of flying at one another's throats) an electric link for the thrills and shocks of a strange sort of painful sympathy.

He began, sensibly enough, by begging Beltane not to excite himself, and went on modestly to deprecate all the disheartened lover's too hasty conclusions as to his rival's position in Helen's regard, of which his own hopes and fears took a very different gauge.

But when he came, in the course of things, to affirm the extent and quality of his own feelings towards Lady Helen, we should be very rash to print the exact words he uttered, so contagious is wild talk on affairs touching the heart (when once the ice of reserve is broken), even in the cases of steady, hard-headed, middle-aged men.

Mr. Stilton, who in his time had received and ushered in more deputations on important subjects than perhaps any butler in London, did not know what to make of the expression of the member for Balderland's countenance as he let him out on coming down stairs after his interview with Lord Beltane. "He appears to manifest an unaccountable depth of sympathy for the poor young Earl's indisposition," thought the great and solemn but indulgent functionary, whose reflections were clothed in stately language even when the gems were never destined to emerge from the dark unfathomed caves of reticence. Stilton had a movement of the natural heart within the waistcoat of his dignity to say "he hoped his Lordship appeared progressing favourable towards convalescence." But he bethought himself of what he owed to the reserve of his official position as a Prime Minister's butler, and he bowed the visitor out in silence.

CHAPTER XI.

Lady Matilda Strensal, whose normal characteristics and deportment were those of a rather meek and placid matron, had within her, no doubt, a dormant spice of the pugnacious instincts which Mr. Hawthorne attributes to the British lioness. If anything could rouse these instincts, it was danger to the domestic happiness of her offspring.

Lady Matilda took the investigation of Adela's case into her own hands, and, for the first time these many years, paid that objectionable young lady a visit. Adela, no doubt, would have been visible (to the son) propped up among her pillows in a picturesquely moribund condition, robed in pure white cashmere, with her long raven tresses falling about her shoulders in beautiful disarray; but to the mother she was invisible.

Gertrude Bordereau volunteered to receive Lady Matilda, and gave her, as she termed it, "a piece of her mind." Gertrude had the advantage of speaking in good faith. She was not a very shrewd person, and easily believed whatever seemed to add to the importance of her ministrations. She had been summoned with a certain solemnity; and really found Lady Adela in a condition of nerves which looked like serious illness. She was one of those sympathising friends who held the view that Adela had been ill-used by Mr. Strensal.

This implies that she was not very deep in her cousin's confidence. She was, indeed, to say the truth, a fussy, officious, affectionate relative, whom Lady Adela considered a bore, and suppressed a little when she did not want her. Of course, that made her all the more ready to be serviceable when she was wanted.

The Bordereaus have been greater people than they are. Old Bordereau, the grandfather, kept a splendid establishment and gave excellent dinners in his time, and his sons and daughters were known to the world of fashion; but Gertrude's father was not by any means so good a man of business. He muddled his affairs with speculation, so that the bank went down in the crash of '47. Not a bad bankruptcy. Twenty shillings in the pound were eventually paid, and something comfortable saved out of the wreck in the shape of settlement-money which old B. had tied up on his son's marriage; and the family still hung on as outsiders on the skirts of society. The Meagheraines, such as they were, were the Bordereaus' great relations.

Adela was to this faithful cousin a sort of suffering princess, whose destiny had been blighted by the baleful machinations of those cold, cruel, repulsive women who were mother and sister to the man that ought to have married her, and by whose irresolute triding her bright youth had been blighted.

By Lady De Vergund's injunction Gertrude was informed through Dr. Mervyn, in strict confidence, of Adela's imminent danger, and by Adela herself of the shock she had received from the report about Strensal and Lady Helen.

Finding herself installed in a position of such responsibility, and, having a natural inclination to scenes (in which she was qualified to shine by a fertile flow of feminine eloquence), she availed herself of the opportunity and made a scene with Lady Matilda. The scene shall not be reported, as it would take up a good deal of space and require to be more than half printed in italics, so emphatic was she in her denunciation of all the cruel wrong for which the ladies of the Strensal family were answerable.

Lady Matilda might have borne the "bit of Miss Bordereau's mind" which applied to herself; but she could not hear her children maligned without expressing some slight indignation. She exercised, as she thought, great forbearance, and extricated herself from the scene as soon as she could, reproaching herself with her imprudence in going near the odious people at all.

But Miss Bordereau was highly triumphant over the prowess she had displayed. She could not give a full account of all that had passed to Adela, but to all the people who called to inquire after Lady Adela's state, and who could be induced to come in to hear more particulars from her Ladyship's cousin, she narrated the thrilling details, giving perhaps the greatest prominence to things which, it occurred to her, she ought to have said the moment after the enemy was gone; and representing Lady Matilda's share of the scene as women will, without any deliberate intention of falsehood. Lady De Vergund evidently knew what she was about when she caused Gertrude to be called in.

Of course, Margaret Gaveloch had her mother's version of the scene; and when stories began to fly about, it was thought better to tell Georgiana all about it, so that, if necessary, she might disabuse Helen's mind of any misrepresentations which were not unlikely to reach her. For society is full of a conscientious candour, and ready to sacrifice its natural reluctance to give pain, rather than let a charming young lady remain in ignorance of facts which it may concern her permanent happiness to be made aware of.

The next month or so was the unhappiest part of Lady Helen's life. Everything seemed to go wrong. She met Edmund Strensal but seldom, and then for unsatisfactory moments only. An embarrassment had sprung up between them. It was all very well for her mother to say, "Let her manner be unchanged." That might do very well for those who put on a manner as they do a dress to suit the occasion. His manner was not visibly altered; but the thread of circumstances which formerly entangled them in the coil of some mutual interest when they met, seemed snapped. When they met now nothing came of it more than the passing word or two with which mere casual acquaintances greet one another in the moving crowd where anything like conversation is the exceptional privilege of intimacy.

The fact was that Lady Bexteyrmon had not perceived destiny to set resolutely in Mr. Strensal's favour! And she accordingly brought her maternal influence to bear in the opposite direction. Destiny had not decreed that Mr. Strensal should take service under Lord Girandole. Destiny had disturbed her daughter's mind a good deal with gossip about Lady Adela. Destiny had given Mr. Strensal a proud and sensitive distaste to ignoring those cobweb barriers of maternal obstruction with which potent matrons know so well how to fence their daughters round, and she took good care to give Destiny its full chance of changing Helen's mind.

Strensal during this interval suffered his fair share of torture. He was fully aware that the mother's influence was against him. He greatly feared that Lady Helen was indifferent to him. The reserve which had come over her manner, when they met as persons in the same society cannot fail to meet now and then, might be only the fainter reflection of her mother's more distinctly manifested discouragement. Again, supposing her not to have been quite indifferent, the town had talked about his behaviour to Lady Adela to an extent which had caused him the pleasure of an interview with her brother, Viscount Voghtgarry, to whom he spoke very decidedly, and apparently cleared himself of all culpability to that scatter-brained young man's satisfaction, for nothing serious came of it except a little more talk.

However, as Lady Adela did not die so quickly as society expected of her, in order to make her grievance picturesque: and as Lord Voghtgarry did not commit a breach of the peace, and as there was a good deal to say on the other side, within the prescribed nine days society was rather of opinion that Lady Adela had made a flagrant attempt to resuscitate an old flirtation in which there never had been anything much worth mentioning.

Society also discovered that overtures had been made to the member for Balderland by the Government. Ingenious rumour constructed a little romance about this time, in which the circumstances, slightly modified, were put together with a coherence that did credit to society's collective talent for fiction. Lady Helen's bright eyes had been used as loadstars to lure the young champion of independence from the Opposition lobby, and negotiations had been entered into for a family alliance, by which he was to be absorbed in the ministerial connection as Lord Bexteyrmon's son-in-law, when Lady Adela had broken a blood-vessel in the excitement of a violent scene with Lady Helen, who had, from disclosures then made to her, retracted her engagement, and the whole arrangement had been broken off.

Luckily, the persons who are talked about by society do not hear precisely what is said, but they feel an unpleasant vibration of the buzzing scandal, even though the actual gist of it may never reach them articulately through indiscreet friends. Strensal knew quite enough to make him doubt the wisdom of precipitating matters, and he waited for the dust of gossip to lay itself.

He had his confidence in the demonstrative forces of Time as well as Lady Bexteyrmon. He considered that things had a natural tendency to come right, if the spontaneous action of circumstances was not dislocated by premature efforts to force them right. The "tide in the affairs of man" applies to love affairs, perhaps, more than any other sublimity transactions. It is better to drift out quietly into the offing than to struggle with the ebb, at the risk of grounding outside the harbour bar. Many a stranded argosy of hopes discharges its cargo on the inhospitable mudbank which might have been safely cleared with the succeeding flow.

Strensal thought it best to give Lady Bexteyrmon as little occasion as possible to strengthen the cobweb barriers of her maternal vigilance against him. He avoided all demonstrations which might have the effect of revealing the existence of these subtle outworks with unnecessary distinctness to Lady Helen.

This was the theory; but in practice it is extremely unpleasant pastime for a tempest-tossed vessel, *magna telluris amore*, to lie to, when it is blowing a gale (of sighs) in the offing, and see how the land lies through a telescope, watching for signals whose delay makes the heart sick.

And what signals are to be looked for from a young lady under such circumstances? Is she not bound to die rather than make any sign—to go on with the weary routine of fashionable life exactly as if nothing had happened or was happening to her—to wear a mask of smiles—to talk the sprightly nothings that are the small change for unwelcome homage in the old cheerful, careless tone whose echoes so false within now that the cheerfulness is gone and the withered zest of life has left its husk of manner hollow, hollower even than the mockeries around it?

Society, we are told by good authority, is not by any means so full of hollow shams as sentimental theorists are in the habit of declaiming about. It is composed of acquaintances, not friends, who meet for the interchange of amusing small talk, not for that communion of soul on high and stirring themes which young enthusiasts would deem a better sort of conversation, but which experience shows is only fit for intimate friends whom you see at home, not in society.

But to a young lady whose spirits are depressed by an unprosperous attachment, and who has to contribute her quota to social amusement and fashionable frivolity out of the resources of a heavy heart, society seems one hollow mockery from beginning to end.

Lady Helen had a courageous and elastic spirit. She was not the sort of disconsolate maiden to languish, and droop, and pine, because the sunshine of her life was shrouded in gloom.

What are the chandeliers and glittering trinkets of conventional gaiety good for if they cannot make light in public of private troubles and sorrows?

Society has made up its mind that when it puts on its sparkling tiaras, and necklaces, and wreaths of artificial flowers, and comes forth to play at cheerfulness, it must leave its heart and the better portion of its brains at home; and we accordingly resume the burden of our troubles and the solace of our nobler aspirations along with the slippers and robe de chambre, of which society knows not the pattern.

Lady Helen, though she was (as, let us hope, many of society's ornaments are) full of better qualities than those for which the world valued her, knew her duty to society, and did it as a well-brought-up young lady might be expected to do. To the world she seemed unchanged. But to a mother's eye an inward change is not to be disguised. Lady Bexteyrmon perceived that, though her daughter's manner was if anything more lively and sparkling than ever, a certain touch of reckless hardness was added to her brilliancy—something that resembled more the diamond's random glints and refractions of the artificial glare than that former lustre which seemed an emanation from her own happy disposition—

a radiance pure and sweet,
Brightening where'er her genial presence came,
Not with its own light only, but a growth
Of general light around her, as the day
Grows in the planet's wake that wakes the dawn.

The silvery music of her laughter was, if anything, more frequent than of old; but to the mother's ear it had lost that charm which laughter has when it springs from irrepressible impulses of mirth. Her wit and playfulness of fancy remained, but were sheathed less mercifully in amiable tolerance for the vanities and foibles of her unwelcome adorers, who began to find in her sallies a formidable edge and point of sarcasm and irony. She was at least resolved that no one else should bask himself into a delusive confidence of her favour by appropriating and misinterpreting the frosty smiles with which it became her to disguise her troubles.

Lord Swalechester, who suffered a relapse of his passion and persuaded himself that his former want of progress must have arisen from not conveying his intentions clearly enough, made her a direct offer of his heart and hand in an abrupt and unexpected fashion; and Lady Helen, though somewhat surprised by his rashness, gave him his answer with a decision which surprised him quite as much.

Lord Beltane, to whom a few rays of hope returned on seeing no advance made by the rival his first instincts had led him to consider the one obstacle to his own success, soon discovered that all such hopes were vain.

Sydney Whitmarsh, when he reappeared with his new honours, after burying his predecessor, was disposed to make the first trial of their efficacy on his fair cousin. He had no reconciliation with Lady De Vergund, who had quitted London very soon after the last mention of her in these pages. Whether she went may appear hereafter. The *Morning Post* announced vaguely that she had left England on a tour of the German spas for the benefit of her health.

Lord Mascester looked on her absence as a favourable augury for his advances to Lady Helen. But his first attempt to exchange the tone of banter and persiflage (which she was accustomed to in him from her childhood) for something more serious and tender, broke down in such utter rout and discomfiture that he had no temptation to try again.

During this period Lady Helen considered it her duty to society to talk cheerfully and dance briskly (however little disposed for such exercises she might feel) with everybody as long as everybody talked cheerfully about things in general, and did not ask her to dance oftener than she considered impartial justice to everybody warranted. But the moment anybody became the least particular in his attentions or his talk, a powerfully disinfectant element was at once unsparingly infused into her treatment of the offensive phenomena.

One moonlight night, as Strensal was on his way home from the House of Commons, the companion with whom he had walked as far as Pall-mall turned into the Travellers, and he went along alone till he was stopped by a string of carriages moving into Carlton-gardens. In the moment of pausing for a break in the line he remembered that this was the night of Lady Ingatestone's ball, and, looking down the street, he saw the house one blaze of light. The windows were open, and the sound of the music caught his ear.

"She is there," he thought, and he turned slowly in the direction, as if a spell drew him. "At least I may look at the light in which she is moving, and listen for a minute or two to the music she perhaps is dancing to."

He drew nearer, and stood gazing at the broad frontage of drawing-rooms over the way. There was something picturesque in the contrast with which that vivid interior glare burst out on the pale moonlight. The still, soft summer air trembled at the braying and shrieking strains, to which the heavy-pulsing throb of wide, rebounding floors made a large, lumbering, sympathetic response, as if the whole edifice had gone mad with uproarious minstrelsy, and was straining every beam and girder to break loose from the stately rank of neighbour-mansions.

"Can she be enjoying herself in that hideous din and turmoil of Pandemonium!" Edmund muttered to himself; but the next moment he answered his reproach. "She is young and bright, dear heart! When I was her age I thought this Pandemonium pleasant enough, and troubled my head as little about her darling innocence, asleep in her tiny cot, as she, perhaps, troubles hers about me now drudging at dull debates in the sediment of the Session." And the next moment after that he wished he was inside of Lady Ingatestone's mansion; a souvenir of some waltz danced long ago to that familiar tune came across his memory like a dream; only, as dreams have a strange way of mixing up and metamorphosing identities, the partner in that ghost of a departed waltz disappeared, and Helen's substituted form seemed to lean on the support of his encircling arm, while his imagination went spinning through the giddy whirl.

"What is there to prevent me?" There certainly was no absolute impossibility, such as there would have been if he had happened to be in a morning-dress and uninvited. But he was dressed for dinner; and, though he did not go to balls, invitations nevertheless came to him in great plenty, as they do by a strangely persevering fatality to many intractable bachelors of copious rent-roll. He had dined at Lord Ingatestone's not a fortnight ago. Lady Ingatestone had daughters, and there was no reasonable doubt about his card.

Still, it was directly contrary to the course he had pursued for the last six weeks to put himself deliberately in the way of meeting Lady Helen. However, so strong an impulse of desire to see her and speak to her again had taken possession of him that he found an argument—the old argument of impatience.

"There must be some end to this hide-and-seek. If she ever cared for me, or ever is to care, she has had enough of it. I can stand it no longer! There is sometimes a safety in rashness, and a danger in caution. Nothing is certain but the unforeseen. I will read my destiny in her eyes, come what may!"

To be led away captive thus by a sudden freak of passion, any one who knew with what a firm hand Strensal usually held the reins of self-control might well believe that he was more ardently enamoured of Lady Helen than his antecedents might have seemed to promise. He crossed the road, and entered Pandemonium as eagerly as if the pink and white awning of the crowded doorway had canopied the gates of Paradise.

(To be continued.)

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

ANDOVER.—The election for this borough has terminated in the return of the Conservative candidate, Colonel Humphrey; the numbers at the close of the poll on Wednesday being—Humphrey, 130; Hawkshaw, 83; majority, 47.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.—Mr. Robert Bateson Harvey, of Langley Park, Slough, is to be brought forward as the Conservative candidate for the vacancy in the representation of Buckingham. Mr. N. G. Lambert, of Durham Court, and Mr. James Carson, of Springfield House, Marlow, are both spoken of as Liberal candidates.

SHAKESPEARE MANGLED.—On the night the Russian officers went to Niblo's Theatre, in New York, to hear Booth, the actor, the following trash was substituted for a passage in one of Shakspeare's plays, and was "received with deafening cheers" by the audience:—

Ambassador from Russia.—Our august Emperor
Doth send us to convey our high congratulations.

Abc Lincoln.—You, returning,

Convey our thanks to the Emperor of Russia;

Your august master, for his congratulations;

And in this war we wage against the South,

And our revolted States, we hope he will

Adhere to his neutrality. These high

Congratulations he doth send, we

Trust will not prove void and empty, as

Those sent hither by the Queen of England.

She, from her island realms to Washington sends

Her sympathy, while from her ports convenient

Sail the galley armed, and pirate crafts, to

Rob, destroy, and burn our barques that trade

With the Indies. Such hypocrisy and double

Dealing shall meet its just reward. We

Understand the game she plays. When this affair

Of our revolted States is quelled,

She shall our due attention have. Then, woe

Be to her and hers. For every unsuspecting

Barque destroyed, for every galley burnt, she

Shall return fourfold, or, by all the gods

Of General Jackson she rules no more in England.

THE HARTLEY INSTITUTE, SOUTHAMPTON.—One room in the Hartley Institute, at Southampton, is set apart for the preservation of the wardrobe and furniture of the mother of Mr. Hartley, the founder of the institute, in accordance with the eccentric will of that gentleman. In this room may be seen bonnets, dresses, shoes, tapestry, fans, drawers, china, chairs, &c., of a wealthy merchant's wife of the last century. The bonnets are of the Sarah Camp style; the shoes are of satin, with small wooden heels, and displaying the neatness and elaborate workmanship which were lavished by the sons of St. Crispin on such feet coverings. The fans are large and clumsy, and one has the Lord's Prayer printed on it. One of the fans has been borrowed by it, is believed, a respectable daughter of Eve while labouring under a fit of kleptomania.

FATHER MATHEW presented Lord Brougham with a temperance medal and ribbon. His Lordship said he would take it to the House, where he should be sure to meet old for—the worse for liquor. Lord Brougham was as good as his word; for, on meeting the veteran Peer who was so celebrated for his potations, he said—"Lord —, I have a present from Father Mathew for you," and passed the ribbon rapidly over his neck. "Then, I tell you what it is, Brougham; I will keep sober for this night," said his Lordship, who kept his vow, to the great amazement of his friends.

A NEW MEASURE FOR LAGER BEER.—Not long since the keeper of a large beer-saloon in New York was arrested upon a charge of selling liquor without a license, when he attempted to prove that the Teutonic beverage was not an intoxicating drink. A number of witnesses who had amply tested its qualities were called one after another, until, finally, an old German named W— took the stand, and the question was asked him, "Do you consider lager beer intoxicating?" "Vell," replied W—, "ash for dat I can't say. I drinksh feefty or seexty glashes a day, and it never hurtsh me; put I don't know how it woud if a man vash to make a hog of himself."

THE NEW STATUE OF NAPOLEON I. ON THE COLUMN VENDÔME.

OUR Engraving represents the removal of the statue of Napoleon I. from the summit of the column in the Place Vendôme, where it is to be replaced by one similar to that which was fixed on the column in the time of the first empire.

The Emperor, wishing to perpetuate the memory of the glorious campaign terminated by the battle of Austerlitz, ordered the erection of a column formed of the bronze of the cannon taken from the enemy. This monument, begun in 1806 and terminated in 1810, was surmounted by a statue of Napoleon I. in heroic costume, in conformity with traditional usage. This statue, the work of the sculptor Chaudet, was taken down in 1814, and afterwards melted to cast the statue of Henry IV., now on the Pont-Neuf. A Royal ordonnance of the 8th of April, 1831, ordered the restoration of the Imperial statue; but, instead of preserving the original costume, the Emperor was represented in the dress he wore when with the army. This new statue was placed on the column in 1833. Since that date the change made in the costume has been much criticised. The column of the Place Vendôme is an imitation of Trajan's Column, and the present Emperor, faithful to the reminiscences of the first empire, wished that the effigy of the founder of the dynasty should be re-established on conditions in conformity with tradition.

A very ingenious arrangement of stages, ropes, and pulleys was, for some days before the removal of the statue, observed on the summit of the column, which is 135ft. high; and persons passing the Rue de la Paix or the Rue Castiglione, attracted by the operations, stood and looked on, apparently amazed at the uncereemonious manner of the workmen, either astride on the shoulders or fastening ropes round the legs of the statue, while every precaution was taken against the Emperor falling suddenly from his pedestal to the ground.

On the 4th inst. the immense mass was removed, and came safely down by means of ropes and pulleys, and the new statue was elevated to its place amidst the profound satisfaction of the crowd of Parisians who had collected to witness the spectacle, but on whom the grotesque appearance of a Roman Emperor enveloped in a blanket and ascending by a rope was not entirely lost, since it too fully appealed to the peculiarity of French humour not to provoke some jocular allusions on the part of workmen and others, whose reverence was not proof against this part of the proceeding.

As the column itself is made of the Russian and Austrian cannon taken at the battle of Austerlitz, and its spirals display, in chronological order, the principal actions of the Grand Army, from its departure from Boulogne to that battle, there are many who are of opinion that the substitution of a Roman Imperial figure for that of the real General in the well-known cocked hat and redingote is a mistaken innovation. However, the *Moniteur* says:—"At the same time that the Emperor ordered this change, he comprehended that the statue, consecrated by thirty years, and representing the military costume so well known throughout the whole world, ought to remain before the eyes of the people and of the army; and he ordered that a pedestal should be erected for it at the Rond-Point of Courbevoie, at the corner of the Avenue de Neuilly. This place is admirably chosen for such a monument. The ground, which from the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile declines towards the Seine, again rises on the other side of the river, and offers a rond-point which takes the name of Courbevoie, and from which several avenues branch off. It is in the middle of this place that the pedestal is being built under the direction of M. Duban, the architect. The grandeur and simplicity of the monument, as well as the beauty of the granite used in its construction, will form a worthy support to the statue of the great man."

The new statue is the work of M. Dumont, member of the Institute, and was cast by M. Thiebault. The winged Victory which rests in the hand is the same as that held by the statue of 1810. It has been preserved, and the beauty of its lines well harmonise with those of the column.

In order still further to preserve the Napoleonic enthusiasm at a moment when Paris is undergoing a complete transformation and is rapidly becoming quite a new city, it has been suggested to place suitable inscriptions on all the houses in which Napoleon I. lived from his first arrival in Paris.

BOILER EXPLOSION AT TODMORDEN.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 3rd inst., a terrible boiler explosion took place at one of the three cotton-mills of Messrs.

Ingham and Sons, on the side of the canal, at Todmorden. The mill is a five-storey stone building, with the engine-house and boilers at one end. It had been standing idle for some days, but on the morning of the explosion steam was got up for the purpose of starting, and many of the workpeople were inside the mill. Through a blunder, the boiler was not sufficiently filled with water, and some of the plates had got nearly red hot, when the first stroke of the engine causing some cold water to be injected, an explosion occurred. One end of the boiler was blown out to a distance of thirty yards and lodged against a wall. The mill was at the same time filled with steam, and shaken so severely as to loosen the floors, cause the roof

to fall in, and to become almost a wreck. Some of the workpeople in the mill were injured, and one was killed. The engine-driver was attending to his engine, and yet he escaped unhurt, while a woman who was standing on the boiler, hanging out clothes to dry, was uninjured, though blackened with soot and dirt. Our Engraving shows the state of the mill after the explosion. One of the proprietors has been committed for trial, on the Coroner's inquisition, on a charge of manslaughter in connection with this unfortunate affair.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE AMERICAN WAR. THE FIGHT AT BRISTOW'S STATION.

OUR Engraving represents one of the events which preceded the skirmish at Bristow's station, where, in Meade's retirement to the Rappahannock, General Warren obtained a success against the Confederate force. It was probably the intention of the Confederate General Lee to make a grand raid in the rear of the army of the Potomac, and to cut off railway communication by destroying the bridges; when, having seized the forage and supplies of the Federals, he might have made a series of attacks upon Meade's forces at various points. Our readers will already have learnt how the Federals retreated in order, reaching the east bank of the Rappahannock in a few hours. When General Meade found that Ewell's corps had not pursued them to the river, he sent three corps and Buford's cavalry on a reconnaissance over the Rappahannock towards Culpepper. This movement seems to have deceived Lee, who thought the Federals were about to give him battle, and, while he waited, General Meade had prepared his trains and got them en route rearward. During the day he withdrew his corps from Culpepper, destroyed the railway-bridge, and was retreating with his whole army towards Catlett's station by sunrise the following morning.

Upon General Lee discovering the movement of the Federals, he pushed off Stuart's cavalry from Sulphur Springs upon their rear, and rushed forward Hill's corps at double-quick to support them. Ewell advanced more leisurely. Hill's troops were "double-quickened" from Warrenton to near Bristow station to support the cavalry and light batteries who were then engaged in the vain endeavour to cut off the Federal rearguard, but General Warren gave them battle and repulsed them. The General was attacked on the hills on the opposite side of the railroad, and the attack was first made on his flank while marching in the rear of the main army. The Federal troops at once occupied a good position, however, the deep railroad embankment forming an excellent riflepit. The result of the action is alleged to have been a loss to the Confederates of 450 prisoners and about 1200 killed or wounded. Five guns were also taken.

The loss to the Federal Army in subsequent skirmishes during the retreat was, however, still more severe. The bridge, above the ruins of which the stragglers had to pass the river, was destroyed in order to prevent the Confederates bringing up supplies by railway after the Federals had evacuated the line of the river. The men, who seem to have lingered unnecessarily after it was burnt, had to perform the rather difficult task of wading the river at the dam which lay just above the bridge.

ATTACK BY SIOUX INDIANS ON A FEDERAL FORAGE TRAIN.

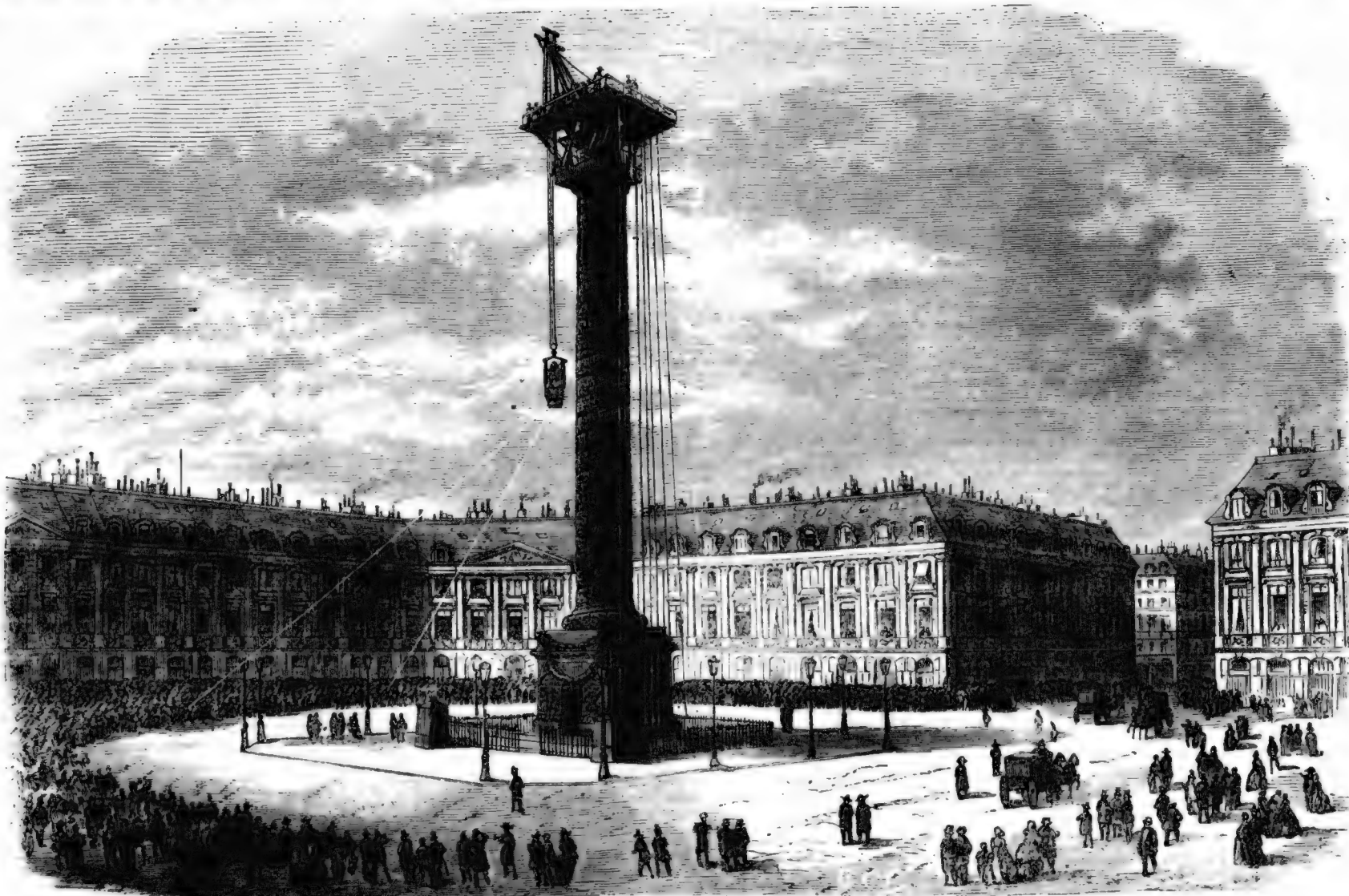
Our larger Engraving represents one of the principal events in the earlier period of the year, when the Federal army had to contend with the flying parties of Sioux Indians, who so continually harassed them by lying in wait for their baggage-waggons and camp supplies. The scene here represented occurred soon after the defeat of the main body of the Sioux. A considerable force of these savage foes suddenly attacked a forage-train just as the troops were arranging to encamp between the James and Missouri rivers; but they were completely repulsed by the cavalry commanded by Captain Davis, several of the Indians and one of their most important chiefs being killed in the action.

GAMBLERS IN THE FEDERAL ARMY.

THE Americans are an ingenious people, with a marvellous power of adaptation, which, when applied to social regulations, almost always results in a sort of poetical justice, so quaintly appropriate as to be amusing to older nations, who inherit so many legal traditions. The punishment of all sorts of offenders in the Federal army is a sufficient illustration of the national peculiarity. Of these punishments, that accorded to gamblers is not the least characteristic, and shows a lively appreciation of the reality of that misery which proceeds from a forced con-



NEW STATUE OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON I.,
RECENTLY RAISED TO THE TOP OF THE COLUMN ON THE PLACE
VENDÔME.—(A. DUMONT, SCULPTOR.)



LOWERING THE OLD STATUE OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON I. FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE COLUMN ON THE PLACE VENDÔME.

tinuance of the very vices which are so fascinating when voluntarily adopted.

The professional gamblers and vagabonds of New York reaped a rich harvest in the earlier days of the war, and, indeed, boasted publicly that it subserved their interest to get the troops paid off, since so many of the greenbacks came into their clutches. Gambling, indeed, is such an institution in the large American cities that it is scarcely surprising if many of those who form part of the Federal army should have introduced it into the ranks, while amongst the officers it continues to be one of the most prevalent vices, fostered, no doubt, by many of those who, although soldiers in the national army, were at one time partially dependent upon their exertions in this direction. In the army of the Potomac, however, General Patrick seems determined to put down this evil with a strong hand, and in the manner represented in our Engraving, where some inveterate players of a New York regiment are provided with a table, a set of dice, and a tin cup for a dice-box. With these they are kept playing all day under the charge of a guard, and with the word "gambler" conspicuously written on boards slung on each of their backs. It may be judged that their once favourite amusement soon becomes unutterably wearisome under these circumstances, especially as they are allowed to play only for beans, any attempt to make stakes of greenbacks being nipped in the bud, and their expectation of dinner being coolly frustrated by the remark, that gamblers have no time for meals.

RELICS OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK, the prototype of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," was a native of Largo, Fifeshire. He sailed on Sept. 11, 1703, in the Cinque Ports (one of the vessels of Dampier's expedition), commanded by Straddling; and, while at Juan Fernandez taking in refreshments, Selkirk, being afraid to venture to sea in the vessel, which was evidently fast breaking up, Bas at his own request left on the island, and remained there four years and four months, not without seeing a human being, but without having spoken to one all that time.

The relics, of which we publish Engravings, were made by him while on the island, and were brought home by him when taken off by Woodes Rogers, and have remained to within a few weeks ago in the possession of his descendants, who still reside in Selkirk's native village. Mr. James Hutchison, of the Scotch Warehouse, 48, Warwick-street, Regent-street, London, has now become proprietor of them by purchase from Selkirk's representatives.

The cup is made out of a cocoa-nut, and was put upon the stand and mounted with a rim of silver bearing this inscription:—"The cup of Alexander Selkirk whilst in Juan Fernandez, 1704-9," by Sir Walter Scott, who took a great interest in these relics. The

chest is cleverly made and well finished, considering the primitive tools Selkirk had to work with: the dovetailing especially is quite a curiosity, as also the hasp and lock. While these relics were in Largo many parties came to see them; and in the visitors' book, which was presented to the great-grandniece of Selkirk by Mr. Kenneth M'Leay, and which Mr. Hutchison now has, we see such names as Kenneth M'Leay, R.S.A., Noel Paton, &c. Mr. Hutchison will be happy to show the relics, which are well worth inspection. In our Engraving the cup is rendered larger in proportion to the chest than it is in nature, in order that it may be seen more distinctly.

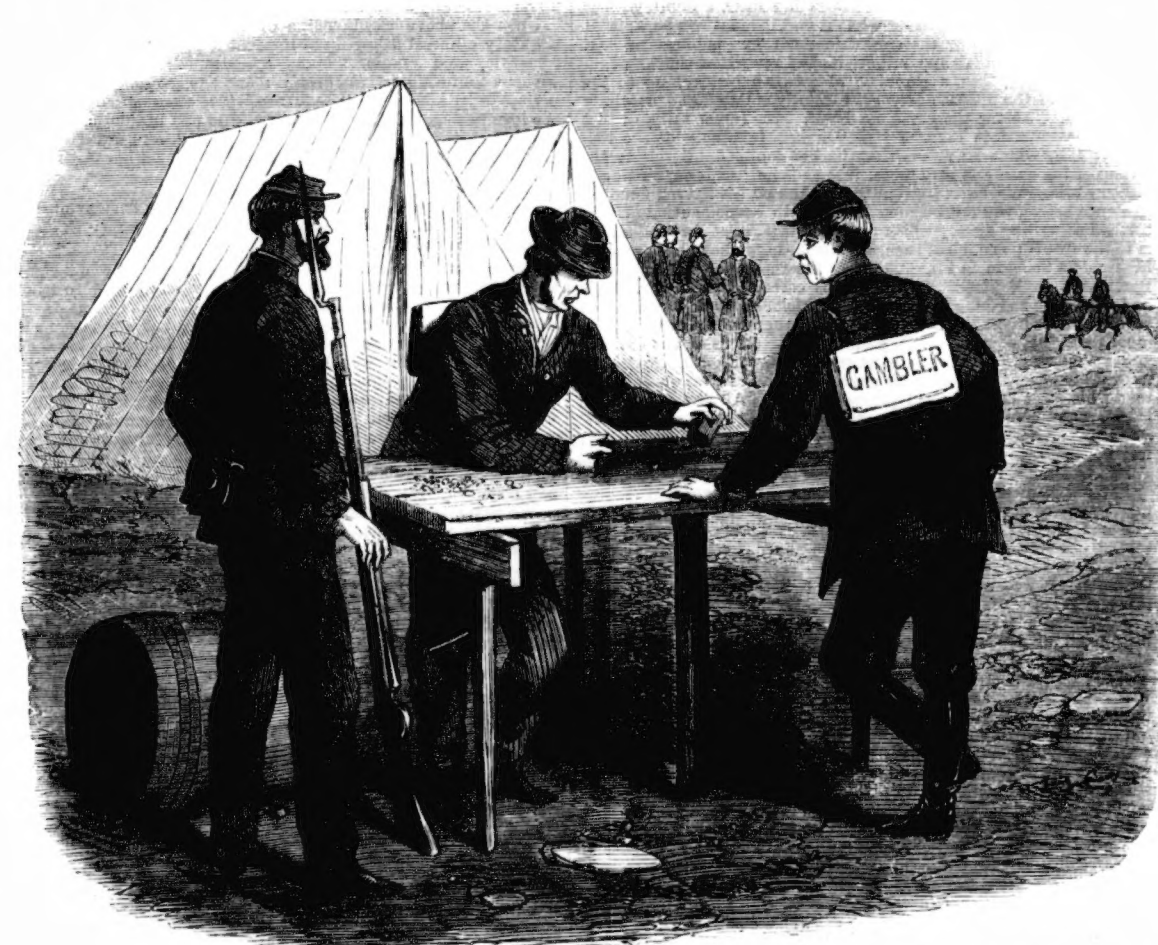


RESULTS OF THE BOILER EXPLOSION AT MESSRS. INGHAM'S MILL, TODMORDEN.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. STEVENSON.)

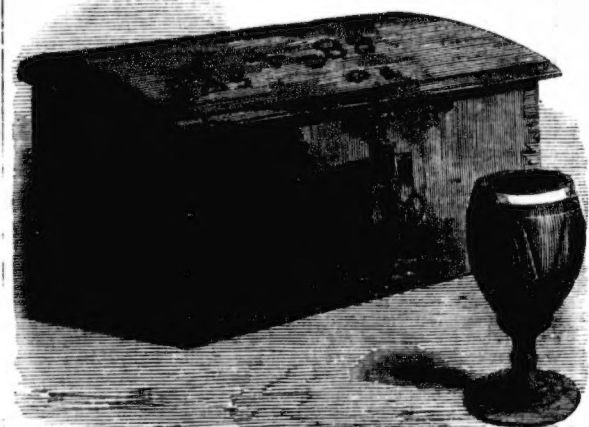
M. NADAR'S BALLOON AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THIS immense structure now floats, fully inflated with atmospheric air, in the centre transept of the Crystal Palace, nearly filling the southern end; and, over and above the interest it excites from the dangers through which it has passed, its enormous yet graceful proportions will attract general admiration. The novel car, which is, in fact, a small cottage in wicker-work, is suspended from it, and round it are ranged the anchors, buffers, hoops, axes, and all the various rigging with which aeronauts provide themselves for the navigation of the heavens. The Giant is by far the largest balloon ever yet made. Its entire height, including the "compensator" (a small balloon under the large one, containing a reserve of condensed gas) and the car, is close upon 200 feet, and when fully inflated it will contain 215,363 cubic feet of gas. By way of comparison, it may be mentioned that the great Nassau balloon, in which Mr. Green made his famous voyage from Vauxhall to Weilburg, in Nassau, in 1836, only held 88,000 cubic feet. For greater security, M. Nadar's balloon has two skins, both of white silk—the outer coloured a yellowish white—of the finest quality, and of which more than 20,000 yards were consumed in the manufacture. All the gores are entirely hand-sewn, and the work occupied 300 men and women for more than a month. M. Nadar tells us that the towers of Notre Dame would only overtop the Giant by about forty-five feet; but perhaps we shall give the best idea of its magnitude to English readers by saying that it could not be got into one of Captain Fowke's great domes. It seems almost to knock its head against the high roof of the centre transept; and, looking at its vast bulk, one can imagine the mingled terror and wonder which seized the Hanoverian peasants when they saw the giant monster tearing through the air at the rate of sixty miles an hour, dashing down everything before it, and apparently hurrying its living freight away to certain destruction. The Giant is calculated to lift 4½ tons, but the utmost it has actually done is to raise thirty-five soldiers, who were crammed into the recesses of the car on the day of the last ascent from the Champ de Mars.

The car will probably be to many a chief object of interest, and it certainly is a great curiosity in its way. In its outside appearance it is not unlike, on a small scale, one of the caravans to be met with at the outskirts of country fairs or by the side of a gipsy encampment. It is strongly built of ash, rattans, and osiers, with internal stays of inflated indiarubber; it is about 15 ft. long by 12 ft. wide, and is partitioned into a captain's cabin, with sleeping-berth, four small cabins, with berth, washing-room, and printing and photographic operating rooms. It is fitted with wheels on movable axles, so that there may be no difficulty in the return, supposing a descent to be effected far from ordinary means of transport. There are windows and doors on each side, but, after all, there does not seem much room for nine people to turn in comfortably. For those who prefer the open air there is the roof, which a strong high bulwark running round makes a kind of airy terrace or quarter-deck. It was here that the whole party was huddled together in the last half hour of their late perilous journey, in which they were whirled more than twenty miles, clinging for life to the cordage, bumped violently against the ground every two or three minutes, and expecting at every bound to be crushed to death. The balloon itself, though it frequently beat the earth with its head, does not



HOW GAMBLERS ARE DEALT WITH IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—(FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.)



ALEXANDER SELKIRK'S CUP AND CHEST.

show many signs of its wild career, beyond the rent which was made by the axe of Godard, and one or two others which it received in tearing through a forest. The car is more seriously injured, and the side which was dragged along the ground, banged against trees, and finally burst through the telegraph wires, bears evident marks of its ill-treatment.

M. Nadar has accompanied the balloon to this country, but does not contemplate making any ascent with it here, at least for the present. In fact, he is still hardly able to move from the effects of his accident; and, moreover, before trying another voyage it will be necessary to make some improvements in the machinery of the balloon, particularly in the valves. An adventure like the last would not terminate so harmlessly in a thickly-populated country

like England, as in the sandy plains of Hanover. M. Nadar presents himself to us as something more than a mere aeronaut *de spectacle*, whose only ambition is to minister to the amusement of the multitude. He aspires to turn his ballooning experience to scientific uses. He seems to look forward to a time when the air, like the sea, will be the highway of nations; when the heavens will be filled with the commerce of nations, and even when, if so minded, men may build iron-plated balloons as they are now building iron-plated frigates. In a word, M. Nadar believes that he is on the high road to the solution of that problem which has baffled ingenious contrivers of all ages, and that he can give to man the same mastery over the air as he has obtained over the sea; but it is by an adaptation of the powers of the screw that he confidently reckons on carrying into practice his theory of aerial locomotion. His balloon is only the prologue to a more perfect flying machine which he hopes to construct, and which will be completely under man's control.

MUSIC.

THE Monday Popular Concerts still maintain their high reputation as the most completely unexceptionable of all the musical entertainments in London. Sir William Jones, the great philologist, used to say that with the fortune of a peasant he had given himself the education of a Prince. The director of these essentially educational concerts may in like manner boast that he has brought within the competence of every workman a means of intellectual cultivation that was in former times reserved for nobles alone. But very few years ago quartet-playing was regularly heard only at the exclusive Musical Union, whereas now the masterpieces of chamber music, performed by the greatest musical exponents, are listened to every week by audiences numbering 1500 to 2000 persons. No other description of music—not even grand orchestral compositions, such as concertos and symphonies—can educate the taste so well as that written for the chamber; and the effect of this enlarged appreciation of absolute music in its purest form must before long be manifested in a higher standard of general cultivation. The law of supply and demand regulates the manufacture of music as of any other luxury demanded by civilised life. It is the craving for trumpery and worthless productions that compels composers, often sorely against their will, to write trash. They cannot—unless they are so favoured by fortune as Mendelssohn and M. Meyerbeer, for instance, have been—live in order to write, but they must write in order to live. They must compose what publishers will produce, and these, again, will bring out only what their customers will buy. So that every schoolgirl who thumps a piano, and every young gentleman who sings at a party, exercises an appreciable influence on the progress of art. The general public, in short, is now the only patron of music. If the patron is ignorant, the art patronised must be degraded to suit his capacity; but, if he is cultivated and refined, the art will flourish accordingly. Just as the protection of a Nero results in the disgraceful effusions of Petronius Arbiter, and the patronage of Augustus produces the exquisite poems of Horace and Virgil, the dreary comic songs of a music-hall and the inspired oratorios of a Mendelssohn have each sprung from a specific demand. We believe that the time is not far distant when the great hydra-headed patron will desire that chamber music shall be written as well as played for its own especial behoof. We grant that the director of the Monday Popular Concerts is quite right to limit, for the present, his sphere of action to the performance of the chefs-d'œuvre only of chamber music; but when this splendid library shall have been all read and re-read, his habitué will crave novelty, and the demand will create the supply. Just as, in poetry, the hundred thousand eager readers of the present year of grace replace, to the infinite advantage of the author, the fifty titled subscribers of a hundred years ago, so the shilling audience of a Popular Concert may at no distant date assume the position, to the like advantage of the composer, of the noble but exacting patrons of Beethoven and Mozart.

In the meantime the good work goes on bravely. The last two concerts have been in every respect successful; but they have given little occasion for remark. Signor Piatti has been unable to appear, but his place has been supplied very efficiently by M. Paque. The quartets in the first concert were Beethoven's, in E flat (Op. 74), and Spohr's in D minor (No. 22). Mr. Halle was the pianiste, and M. Lotto fascinated his hearers by his brilliant performance of Tartini's "Trille du Diable." In the last concert the young Polish violinist repeated the *chaconne* of Sebastian Bach, in which he had created so much sensation a fortnight before, and substituted for the encore an étude of his own composition. What a strange thing it is, by-the-by, that artists will translate the words "encore" and "bis" in such very Hibernian fashion! If you ask a waiter at the Maison Dorée for *encore du pain* you will scarcely thank him for bringing you an *omelette soufflée*. And yet that is no worse than giving you Lotto when you ask for Bach. Paddy Blake's celebrated echo that replied "Very well, thank you," when the traveller called out "How do you do?" is parodied every night in every concert-room in London.

M. Lotto, however, put in a good claim to indulgence by his admirable playing with M. Halle in the Kreutzer sonata, as well as in Mendelssohn's lovely quartet in D. A valuable note about this work is to be found in the analytical programme. It appears that the MS. of the quartet, as well as of the "Isles of Fingal" overture, is in the possession of Professor Sterndale Bennett, a fact unknown to Herr Rietz, the compiler of the list appended to Mendelssohn's letters, who doubtless imagined, with true Prussian arrogance, that nothing of any value could be found in so unmusical a country as England. Mdlle. Parepa, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Frank Dalgien have been the vocalists at these two concerts.

M. Julien has added to the attractions of his concerts by the engagement of Signor Sivori, who, until Monday last, had not appeared in London for five years. His tone is just as pure, full, and silvery as of old; while his expression is singularly free from exaggeration. All readers of Heine will remember the spiteful remark that young Sivori was met in one of the narrowest streets of his native town by Paganini—a street so narrow that the great fiddler could not get out of the child's way—and that upon this slight meeting the Genoese violinist has based his reputation as "Paganini's only pupil." Signor Sivori's marvellous performance of "Les Clochettes," one of the most charming as well as one of the most difficult solos that Paganini has left, is abundantly sufficient to prove by whom he was instructed; while the fantasia on "Il Trovatore" shows that he has considerable fancy no less than unlimited executive power.

The opening performance of "Eli" may, for two opposite reasons, be very briefly dismissed. The principal attraction among the vocalists, Mr. Sims Reeves, was unable to appear, and therefore the most telling effect in the oratorio, the war song, was missed; while in every other respect the performance was admirable. The choruses were particularly well sung; and Mdlle. Rudersdorf, Mdlle. Sainton-Dolby, and Mr. Santley gave no occasion for animadversion.

Mr. Balfe's new opera is announced to be produced to-night. The book is an adaptation, by Mr. John Brongham, of "The Duke's Motto;" and the lyrical pieces are unusually well written.

A BARONET WANTED, AND FOUND.—A paragraph in an Australian newspaper lately appeared, headed "Wanted, a Baronet," the paragraph being an advertisement for a Mr. Hughes, who by the death of a relative had come into the title. The lost heir has been found near Balarat. A gentleman at Cardigan, on reading the paragraph, at once remembered where the Baronet was located. He proceeded to Bunker's-hill, and there discovered the person so long sought after, in a very poor and miserable position. He narrated to him the object of his visit, and showed him the paragraph wherein it was stated that he had become the lucky heir to a baronetcy and considerable landed property. Sir Frederick was by no means astonished, as he was fully aware that, sooner or later, should he not die before the late holder of the property, he would fall in for it and the title. The change, however, is a welcome one, as it appears that Sir Frederick when plain Mr. Hughes followed the humble avocation of a woodcutter at Bunker's-hill, and while felling a tree one day it toppled over sooner than he expected and, falling upon him, broke one of his legs. This accident had rendered him a cripple for life. While confined to his bed the family fell into very distressed circumstances, and until last week his wife, now Lady Hughes, was in the habit of receiving outdoor relief from the Benevolent Asylum.

Literature.

Battle-fields of the South: from Bull Run to Fredericksburg. With Sketches of Confederate Commanders and Gossip of the Camps. By AN ENGLISH COMBATANT (Lieutenant of Artillery on the Field Staff). With Two Maps. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

There was an American poet who, some years ago, recommended the whole world to watch his native land with unflinching attention, singing

Keep your eye fixed on the American eagle,
Whom we as the proud bird of destiny hail;
For that wise fowl you will never inveigle
By depositing salt on his venerable tail!

We have always kept an eye on America, we English, because America has always been doing something to attract notice; and we believe there are still in existence English men and women who believe in her "eagle" as the real "bird of destiny," in whose wake we shall all of us, eventually, have to fly. It may be so; but the time is not yet. It is not merely that she is in trouble—for we have had troubles of our own, and some little civil war. We must all go through our squabbling stages; everybody foresaw where the real tug of war would be for America; and every wise, good man will be patient with her. But that she is not yet fitted to lead modern progress, nor soon likely to be, is what we cannot fail to gather from the hints which reach us of the degree of culture, moral and other, which she has already arrived at. All the standards upon which her public opinion is formed seem to be so ignominiously below those to which we are accustomed, that it is positively difficult to believe she had any of our capital to start with in the race. We know she had; we know Americans are modified English, holding a share in our character, language, and traditions; but what have they been doing with that share all these years? How is it that the audiences at their theatres will applaud when a bit of "gag" about Abe Lincoln is thrust, head and shoulders, into Shakespeare? How is it that a legal orator like Rufus W. Choate—of whom we had, not long ago, a bad memoir—was one of the tritons amongst their minnows? He was a man who would have made no impression whatever in England, France, or Germany; and to read the life of this idolised man is like seeing a farce. Such things are not only puzzling; they are distressing. What has upset us English so, in connection with the war, is chiefly the collateral effects of it in showing us what sort of thing is public opinion in America. A frightfully portentous thing it seems, when we remember that it is despotic, and given to the lynching of minorities! However, we can only look on and wonder; and, perhaps, wring our hands when reactionists turn the spectacle into an argument for tyranny.

The volumes before us offer no assistance to those who are puzzled by the lowness of American culture; nor do they throw any light upon really dark points in the history of the war. They abuse the North in the interest of the South, and they tell fighting anecdotes; but of all this we have had our fill in the newspapers. We cannot say anything of them which would please either publisher or author. We respect the personal courage of the latter, and have so much regard for a man who has been under fire that we could not think of such a thing as criticising his book!

What we do very sincerely wish is that some Englishman of the same intellectual and spiritual rank as Mr. Hawthorne would analyse for us American society and institutions as boldly and honestly as he has dealt with us English. Unluckily, there is only one (known) Englishman with as much power of psychological analysis joined to as much conscience, and he's a woman.

A Chronicle of England. From B.C. 55 to A.D. 1485. Written and Illustrated by JAMES E. DOYLE. Longman and Co.

To begin with a description—this is a thick quarto volume, printed on toned paper, and bound in ornamental Gothic covers, designed by Mr. J. Leighton. It contains eighty-one drawings by Mr. Doyle, which are here engraved and printed in water colours by Mr. Edmund Evans. The story begins with the invasion by Julius Caesar, and ends with the battle of Bosworth Field; and the whole thing is well done. But, considering that the book world is just as sordid as any other, and more full of risk than most worlds, one wonders what can be the final cause of such a venture. Where is the public that will buy this handsome volume? We hope, rather than believe, that it will be a commercial success.

Mr. Doyle's book is an honest thing, and has a history. The "Chronicle," as originally written, was not intended for publication. It was undertaken, Mr. Doyle tells us, during his youth, partly as an historic exercise and partly as a simple and continuous narrative, with a view to pictorial illustration. This is a good beginning—the best beginning a book can have, supposing the originator to be a man of ability. Then, says Mr. Doyle, his MS., with his pictures, attracted attention; pleased the late Prince Albert, and pleased Messrs. Longman and Co., so that there was talk of publishing it. But, in the then state of the art of block-printing in colours, the production of the work would have been too costly, and was not attempted. Mr. Evans has now surmounted great difficulties, and the work is before us—rather dear, absolutely, but astonishingly cheap, considering what it is. It must not be omitted that, in now preparing the chronicle itself for publication, Mr. Doyle has consulted original authorities and rewritten the whole.

We have here, then, a chronicle of English history, up to the latter part of the fifteenth century, carefully collated and carefully illustrated. As for the chronicle itself, Mr. Doyle talks of not having attempted to exercise the "higher functions of the historian;" by which he means that he has confined himself to the telling of the events as they arose, just as if he had been writing a nursery tale. We beg to congratulate him on his having done so. We once before, in these columns, spoke with condemnation of that method of writing history which is to the past what fortune-telling is to the future; and, since then, the same things have been said by M. Eugene Pelletan in France, and by the author of "Essays by a Barrister" in England. This much is certain, that if Mr. Doyle had been here anything more than a chronicler he would have wanted three volumes instead of one, and also that there would have been an incongruity between the simple pictorial suggestions of the designs, and a "history" done in the most recent manner. Mr. Doyle tells us what happened (following his authorities), and leaves every reader to do his own criticism and philosophising. All the old, stupid stories are here—for example, the "Non Angli, sed angeli" business, as stupid and palpable a myth as ever was concocted; but we should not much care to miss it any more than the story of Alfred and the old woman's cakes—which is, perhaps, another myth. What can be nicer, especially at Christmas, than a good, thumping lie, if picturesque? Confident as we feel about the answer to this question, we will only add that Mr. Doyle is a very honest, painstaking chronicler, writing sweet, wholesome English, free from all the abominations of recent mannerisms; that he subjoins his authorities in foot-notes to every page; and that he has consulted the comfort of his readers by giving a capital index.

About the pictures. One or two drawbacks inevitably exist—brightness of colour and sharpness of outline are necessarily in excess. Apart from mechanical difficulties as to the colours, it is obvious that—where so much is to be shown and a story told within the space of a cube two inches and a quarter long, and an inch and three quarters wide—something in the way of blending must be sacrificed to distinctness. But, after all, the first artist and the printer have done wonders; and in scenes where those points do not arise—sea-pieces, storm-pieces, and funeral groups—the success is complete. Only here and there do we find Mr. Doyle lapsing into commonplace or swelling into exaggeration.

In short, our last words for this "Chronicle" must be words of warm praise. To those people who have non-pictorial minds—who never realise to themselves things and people as they really looked, or must be supposed to have looked—the book will be a delightful godsend. If it were not a *livre de luxe* as well as an illuminated chronicle, it would be a book for boys to gloat over. As it is, however, "parents and guardians" may buy it and put it to another use; they may make the looking of it over, under supervision, a

reward of good conduct; only it must be done in pieces, stage by stage, so as to "mingle instruction with amusement."

We have already said this is a *sincere* book—a bona fide labour of love. Perhaps all persons concerned in its production, chiefly Mr. Doyle, but Mr. Evans and the publishers also, will accept from these columns a word of cordial recognition upon that score. "I would stand," said Dr. Arnold, "I would stand, hat in hand, to the stupid boy that did his best." Memorable words! Surely the patient, long-drawn labours of the bright boy demand praise that is not niggardly.

Picked up at Sea. A Romance. By WILLIAM J. STEWART, Author of "Footsteps Behind Him," &c. 3 vols. Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

A preliminary "Notice" states that these volumes have been delayed in publication some two months, owing to the illness, terminating in death, of their author. But, with the exception of the last chapter, "which he left unfinished, and which has been added by a friendly hand," the author was spared sufficiently long to revise his last and best work, and to relieve it of such accidents and incongruities as can scarcely fail to befall a story written and published piecemeal. The early death—the great promise blotted out—will be deeply regretted by all who have known former writings of Mr. Stewart. The work before us, "Picked up at Sea," is ample evidence of power in observation, narrative, and character. Whilst prosaic people might scoff or laugh at much of it which is pure romance, they would recognise the truthfulness to nature of many social chapters amongst high and low of the middle classes, together with a singular facility for depicting several kinds of love and love-making. Indeed, the variety of changes rung on this not altogether novel subject is the chief and truest charm of the book; and every kind seems so true that the uninitiated may make up their minds to be sorely puzzled as well as to be highly pleased.

The scenery is laid at the mouth of the Thames, in London, and on the Rocky Mountains; the time being some five-and-twenty years ago. The mouth of the Thames—the Harwich coast—leads the van. Here is to be found Colonel Shirreff, a retired Peninsular officer, and now a manager of the Hudson's Bay Company, in which he has embarked the greater part of his fortune. He has two daughters—Rhoda, the established type of the dark sister, and Lillian, much younger, and, as a matter of course, a very blonde darling. "To them," as stage directions say, Colonel Le General, a Canadian, possessing his own sloop, now lying in the bay, and openly avowing that he joins all kinds of people in trading with the Indians for peltries as much as possible in defiance of the privileged charter of the Hudson's Bay Company. In a short time the reader thinks that Colonel Le General does not object to do a little smuggling on the Suffolk coast, but this charge is never proved. However, it is certain that throughout he is in league with a ruffianly deserter and smuggler, named Crawley, who plays a conspicuous part in the story, although he will meet with prompt dismissal here. The Colonel is a very handsome man; a model of humanity; he is making love to Rhoda, who evidently returns it, when the Colonel's plot, design, or whatever it may be, is frustrated by a conspiracy between Lillian and others hitherto unmentioned. Lower down on the coast, or river, reside Captain John Critchett, of the Hudson's Bay Company, his sister, and a nephew, as he is called, named George Critchett Garrison. This young man is the hero of the story. He is at once made the instrument of letter-carrying between mysterious parties, which involves much swimming, a boat-wreck, an imprisonment by custom-house officers, and a kidnapping on board Le General's sloop. From the latter, however, he escapes through the clever devices of Philip Laundry, a dandified young friend of Le General, who would do anything to please Lillian. Of course young Garrison does not object to go literally through fire and water, for he is in love with her, although, from inequality of position, he looks upon his passion as hopeless. The result of the conspiracy between these people is to show that Le General is already married; that he only intends to dishonour Rhoda; and that as punishment for her uncle having, twenty years before, betrayed Le General's sister. Le General confesses all this to Rhoda, but pleads that he has learned to love her in reality, that his wife has not been heard of for years, and that in Canada they can live happily. She refuses, sinfully doubting, and preserving his letter promising protection and friendship.

The remainder can be soon told. Colonel Shirreff goes to Spain, a heartless Colonel Waugh, and the daughters are left destitute. Young Garrison secretly relieves them with such money as he can scrape together, pretending to buy Lillian's drawings for a dealer. Before long Rhoda goes to join Le General in Canada, and Lillian is betrothed to George. At this point he is told that he was "picked up at sea," and therefore, in reality, a nameless nobody; but certain evidence induces him to go to Canada and the Rocky Mountains. There he joins various others of the characters, and ultimately discovers that he is the son of a genuine private marriage between Shirreff's brother and Le General's sister. Moreover, he is heir to a goodly estate, and therefore comes home, and, of course, marries, as do more people in the story; whilst justice of many kinds is liberally dealt out in the penultimate chapter.

Upon the above broad outline of the principal chain of events in the story a liberal filling up of incident is given—amusing, pathetic, romantic, and tragic. Many episodes relieve the main thread without confusing or retarding it; and the general effect is one of perfect order and coherent sequence. The scenes of adventure equal the love passages in point of literary skill; and in character sketching Mr. Stewart has been very successful. All lovers of fiction and romance will appreciate this last effort of a brief but honourable career.

The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. By DANIEL DEFOE. With Memoir. Illustrated by separate plates, and numerous woodcuts inserted in the text. S. O. Beeton.

There is plenty to say about "Robinson Crusoe," and a review of it as a quite new book would certainly be interesting to students, though hardly to the general reader. As a work of imagination it cannot be ranked too high. We usually read it at the same age as when we first see "Gil Blas;" but what a difference between the two books! Where would be the interest of "Gil Blas" if you took out the bad people? It is a story of scamps, fools, and cads, plotting and counterplotting. In "Robinson Crusoe" the interest depends chiefly upon the course of events, as unaffected by the will of the chief actor; and there is hardly anything, from beginning to end, to make one think of the badness there is in the world. In fact, Defoe, even in his "broadest" writing, is pure, simple-hearted, and free from cynicism.

We never saw an illustrated edition of "Robinson Crusoe" that thoroughly pleased us. We cannot get rid of the prejudice that Crusoe pictures ought to have something of the grotesque about them—just a *nuance*. But, supposing our prejudice flung aside, and supposing boys like oil-printed pictures, Mr. Beeton's "Robinson Crusoe" is the edition to give them. The woodcuts are numerous and good, the paper and the printing are the same, and the whole thing is a miracle of cheapness.

BETHNAL-GREEN.—Mr. Coroner Humphreys opened an inquiry on Tuesday into the cause of death of a little girl who had lived with her parents in a place called Hollybush-gardens, Bethnal-green. The jury visited the house and found the approaches to it in a horribly filthy condition, while the stench from closets was most offensive. Witnesses who were examined deposed that at times the smell, which forced its way into the houses, was almost unendurable. A complaint had been made to a collector, who had told the person who spoke to him that the place would be made better when the drainage was settled. The inquest was adjourned in order that the locality might be examined by some medical man unconnected with the district. The Bethnal-green board of guardians have framed their indictment against Dr. Moore. The matter was referred to a committee, and they have drawn up a report to be forwarded to the Poor-law Board. In this report Dr. Moore is charged with a variety of offences. The Poor-law Board will probably order an inquiry into the charges. They have already ordered that an investigation shall be made into the conduct of Mr. Christie, the relieving officer of the board, in respect to the death of Mrs. Caroline James.

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